Taber Free Press

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Alberta Musical Festival

The annual Alberta Musical Festival has gained a recognised place in the life of the province. Started two years ago in the city of Edmonton it had as its object the uplifting of the divine art of music throughout the length and breadth of the province. Fashioned somewhat after the National Eisteddfoids held annually in Wales and which have become known the world over, competitions were inaugurated for church choirs, male choruses, amateur vocalists and pianists. All these competitions were open to the entire province. The interest manifested the first year was phenomenal. Entries came from all parts and when the competitions opened on May 4th every class was well filled with competitors. The results were gratifying in the extreme. Two competent musicians from the city of Winnipeg were engaged as adjudicators and the talent presented was a revelation of what the province possessed. Almost every section of Alberta was represented, the bulk of the honours being won by the visiting competitors.

With such a beginning the second festival opened under such splendid auspices. New features were added, additional prizes being given for female choruses, violinists, choral societies and bands. Even greater achievement marked the success of this festival. The same two [illegible]cators were engaged and noted vast improvement over the preceding year in the various classes. On the closing nights of both festivals the grand concerts have attracted audiences of over two thousand people. At these concerts the winning soloists have contributed to the programme in addition to a chorus of almost three hundred voices and an orchestra of over forty instruments. It was remarked openly by prominent Winnipeg business men who were present last year, that nothing its equal had ever been heard in all the west. Eastern newspapers commented most favourably on the success of the festival and altogether it has proven of splendid advertising merit to the province at large, aside from the more important feature of having increased the desire for and the ability to perform, a higher and better class of music.

Plans for the musical festival for this year have been maturing.

This year the number of choir competitions has been increased, a gold medal will be given for violincello playing, and competitions for sight-singing, piano sight-playing and accompanying have been added. The music has been selected and can be obtained from the secretary, T. H. Griffiths, box 1567, Edmonton, together with all other information. Already many enquiries are being received and indications point strongly to even greater attendance this year than ever before. The committee hope to secure still better railway arrangements than previously.

A new departure for the coming festival is the debarring from competition of all gold medalists of the two previous festivals.

The dates have been set for May 3, 4 and 5. The festival will com[illegible] in the Thistle rink on the evening of Tuesday, May 3rd, and conclude with a concert by the massed choirs and the winning competitors on the evening of Thursday, May 5th. The adjudicators this year will be secured direct from Montreal and will be two of the most prominent musicians procurable. The date of entry for the various competitions has been extended to April 16th.

The syllabus for the above may be seen at the Free Press office

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Grenfell of Labrador

(From the Daily Mail)

MEN who see no further than city streets are ready to declare that the days of romance and of great heroism are past. Had they longer vision they would know that even now sons of our own land are accomplishing things at the ends of the earth comparable with any of past ages. Of all the great Englishmen over the seas today none stands out more splendidly than Grenfell, of Labrador, the pupil of Treves, trained at the London Hospital, who has given his life to the people living on one of the most desolate, exposed, and bitter coasts of the earth.

Dr. Grenfell has now published a book on Labrador that is full of profound interest. Here is a land facing the Atlantic, beautiful to a high degree, with its fiords, mountains, and internal waters, and, yet, save along a narrow strip of coastline, less known and less explored than Mid-Africa. The mean annual temperature is from 8 to 14 deg. below freezing point, and in winter time its sinks to 40deg. below zero. The ground is hard frozen in June, and the summer potato crops have to be covered at night time with sacking to save them from the cold. The sea, for the greater part of the year, is a mass of drifting ice, and even in the height of summer fierce storms render the badly surveyed and miserably lit coast dangerous. The few thousand white men and Eskimos living in Labrador are almost isolated from the world, save for a few weeks in summer.

They have an incomplete Marconi service, and their mail in autumn, winter, and spring reaches them by sledges drawn by dogs some 1,700 miles. In the summer 20,000 fishermen arrive from America, from the Maritime Provinces of Canada, and from Newfoundland. It is then that Labrador has its brief spell of life.

Twenty-one years ago Grenfell, house surgeon to Sir Frederick Treves at the London Hospital, had his attention attracted to the needs of the deep-sea fishermen. A Marlborough man, he had gone to the London Hospital after a brilliant Oxford career, and showed every promise of becoming a famous and fashionable London surgeon. He turned from the prize. ‘‘It was Frederick Treves who introduced me to a life among sailors,’’ he afterwards said. ‘‘It was he who stated the case plainly for me when I balanced up between a life in London and a missionary life at sea.’’ After three years of experiences in the North Sea he moved to Labrador and began what has proved his life's work.

Grenfell has all his own ideas of what a missionary docter should be. He cares little for sects and does not place overmuch emphasis on spoken creeds. He won the respect of the fishermen in the beginning, not only by his skill as a doctor, but by his powers as a man. He is a master mariner, and he handles a ship in the storms and hurricanes around that death-laden coast with anyone. He is a great organizer, and he has brought to the thousands of people along the coast prosperity and comfort such as they never formerly knew. He has done this not by charity as charity is commonly understood, but by sound common business sense.

At the outset he found himself faced by many difficulties. The people were in a very bad way. In many parts scarcely one settler could read or write; the ‘‘truck system’’ of trade kept them in perpetual subjection to a few merchants. Their clothing in a sub-Arctic land was largely the poorest shoddy. ‘‘On my own first cruise along the Labrador coast, coming straight from a happier land, I was deeply impressed by the ruling terror of poverty and semi-starvation implied by the conditions then prevailing,’’ he says. ‘‘The nakedness of the people was an insistent and deplorable feature ever facing the doctor, as his calling made him a witness of the mean material, miserable flannelette or cotton, within the reach of a folk living in a sub-Arctic climate. The wretched monotony of their cheap (truly the most expensive) foods; the small, bare, squalid huts; the ignorance and apathy of men and women; the absolute neglect of the crudest sanitation, were all seen to be parts of a great, cruel, vicious circle in which these thousands were living. Nevertheless, from the very first, I was not a pessimist.’’

He started with hospitals for the sick and an orphanage. **To fight the ‘‘truck system’’ co-operative stores were opened over the land. To give a fresh source of wealth he brought *in flocks of reindeer from Norway and Lapland. The reindeer milk would feed the children and settlers, and the deer themselves would be of infinite use in many ways. The success of these reindeer has meant a new hope for the whole of the coast communities.***

‘‘Healer, preacher, law-giver, fishery outfitter, and charity commissioner,’’ says one who knows him well, ‘‘he has worked almost unaided a sociological revolution along Labrador. He has fed the hungry, clothed the naked, succored the destitute, doctored the sick, preached Christianity, and inculcated habits of thrift, industry, and cleanliness where the forces of nature seemed to conspire against such results.’’

He has now four hospitals along the coast, and three power launches carrying medical aid. Yale and Johns Hopkins Universities have joined England in giving him helpers. In the winter months well-equipped dog-sleighs cover many thousands of miles from the north-east coast downwards on journeys of aid to the people. Ample supplies of good clothing are provided, the able-bodied being made to work for them. Magistrate as well as missionary, Grenfell hears the complaints of the people, hunts down liquor sellers, and enforces the law. He will bring his ship into the bay at dawn, perform major operations that are awaiting him in the morning, hold court and administer justice, and preach the people the most telling sermon by his life. The methods of his mission life, to use his own words, ‘‘are in example rather than in precept.’’

Dr. Grenfell tells much of permanent value about Labrador in his book. Of his own work he says all too little. We would fain have heard of his great winter journeys, or of his many perilous adventures; his trips across long stretches of floating ice where death walked beside him, or his narrow escape on the day that he found himself being swept out to sea on a floating ice-field and had to kill three of his dogs and feed the remainder with their carcasses before aid reached him.

A KING OF HIS CRAFT

AMONG the truest artists of my acquaintance is a French gardener. To see him now at the opening of his year mapping out, inventing, calculating, controlling is a liberal education in the best of all open air pursuits. If he touches hand with the farmer, almost with the market gardener on one side, on the other he is akin to the artists of the floral garden or even to the man of science.

When I saw him the other day he said, apropos of some question of mine, ‘‘One must always be discovering.’’ That is the note of the man. I called him an artist, but perhaps he is more like a keen chemist in his laboratory, an alchemist working at the secrets of the ‘‘golden soil.’’ One of his craft told me that he was the ‘‘king of maraichers’’; he had carried this curious and valuable art a step farther than the long line of past or present French gardeners or maraichers. One can see a good deal of his kingship in his guise and mien and gesture and dress; the slow movements, the reposeful manner, the pleasant voice, the eyes abnormally far apart. His smock-like vest, loose trousers, the subdued tints and ‘‘easiness’’ of all that he wears from shoe to cap all suggest the artist at least as much as the gardener.

He is a big man with very slow movements, and it may be said of him that he is always both working and thinking. The English critic of the French garden says, quite accurately, that the system involves terribly hard work; it is added, too hard work for the Englishman. Indeed, a deputation went recently to a great firm who believe in the system, begging them not to encourage it on the ground that the work was excessive. Such a point of view would seem to my French friend an insult to his art. You would be as foolish to dissuade a naturalist from observing as this French gardener from gardening.

The love of work is in the blood. A close relation of his, who also has migrated to England, worked with some employers who forbade him to work on Sundays. So far from accepting the enforced holiday, he set up, with the help of his family, a spy system which enabled him to put in many good hours' work when the coast was clear. To lie fallow himself or to let his land lie fallow was more than he could consent to. If such a point of view is once acquired, hard work at once becomes a form of continuous pleasure. An intense personal pride in the garden possesses all true maraichers. The size of the water-pipes, the build of the frames, the quality of the boundary fence, the straw of the mats, the chemical properties of the manure, the extent to which oak and beech leaves—none of your soft-leaved rubbish—can be used as manure—these and a host of small but important points continually occupy his attention.

As market gardener he is thinking just how many hundred or thousand lettuces he can produce next Derby Day, when prices are at their maximum. His calculations run easily in decimals. ‘‘Yes, we could have a thousand lettuces, good, heavy, thick hearted lettuces, worth on that day 10d. apiece: that is a thousand francs.’’ And you may be confident that on Derby Day, 1910, just so many lettuces will be cut. He is now planning whether he cannot get his melons ripe a week or so earlier this year, for the cream of his art is the defeat of the seasons. Of the natural soil he is quite independent, for his soil is made, not born; and the high prices come to him who is most successful in defying the winter. He may get ten francs apiece for good canteloupe melons—the best in the world—in the first week of June. He will only get five francs a litttle later.

* * *

To watch the trim neatness of a French garden, its smallness, the geometric patterns of the cloches and frames, the mathematical certainty of it all, you would think that almost every seed was inserted in its due place. But it is not so. Our French gardener sows much of his seed broadcast with a fine abandon. I have a very vivid picture, surviving from a year ago and more, of this big, loose-limbed gardener walking across his garden, slowly, meditatively tossing the seed about lavishly with a mien that Millet would have delighted in. But a man must practise with a conjurer's assiduity for years before his fingers will let slip the small seeds in so even a shower.

With a due quantum of sun he can prophesy to you with astounding accuracy the exact harvesting date of any crop or frameful or single plant. He finds England congenial to his art. His only complaint against the climate is the occasional bout of darkness which interferes with prognostics. Any twig or ridge or house that costs him a minute's sunlight is duly hated, though he will grant, reluctantly, the compensating value of shelter.

We are a nation of gardeners. Our English amateurs, when number is added to quality, are probably the best in the world, and our professionals are in their several lines unapproachable. In the French gardener, nevertheless, is a combination of skill and zeal, rare even in the gardening brotherhood, and quite inspiring to watch. To succeed in French gardening it will be as necessary to acquire something of the French gardener's philosophy as to get up the mechanical details of his system.

POLLING DAY IN AN ENGLISH VILLAGE

IT is a day of unusual excitement in the village when we have to decide finally between the two rival claimants who have been soliciting our votes with every profession of friendship for the past four or five weeks.

We vote always at the school, which means a holiday for the children, who at once transform themselves into ardent and bigoted politicians. From the early morning onwards they form a very embarrassing bodyguard to any straggling voter of their own particular faith, encouraging him with the partisan airs and catchwords of the day to do his duty by the popular candidate.

Here, as elsewhere, we begin to vote at 8 a.m. sharp. The officers detailed for duty in the polling booth arrive about ten or fifteen minutes before the hour, after a sharp drive across country. On other days the presiding officer is an under-clerk in the corporation office of our country town; but today he is in a position of authority, with a junior assistant at his beck and call.

The other occupants of the booth are the personation agents of each party, for the parties are so evenly balanced that neither cares to risk losing the seat by a few ‘‘snatched’’ votes. There is also a policeman on duty in the room throughout the day; while a second policeman patrols the playground and the village street to keep peace and order when discussion waxes noisy with us.

On the stroke of eight there is a mad scramble on the part of our two opposing enthusiasts to decide who shall be the first to record his vote. The honor generally falls to the Unionist voter, an elderly carpenter on the squire's estate, who is particularly well versed in every dodge that makes for successful electioneering. But it is always a very close thing between him and his Radical opponent, who is a much younger man, a jobbing bricklayer by trade, and a well known figure on the platform at local party meetings.

When these have voted a few of the steadiest farm hands in the neighborhood call in. This hour suits them better than voting in the evening, when there is more excitement and noise outside. When these have left, the presiding officer and clerk breakfast, the meal being brought them from the inn and spread upon one corner of the table at which they sit with their papers and books.

Towards eleven o'clock, which is the regular ‘‘beaver’’ or lunch hour hereabouts, the first of our farmers begin to arrive. They met half an hour since down below at the Plough to discuss the situation. They are healthy-looking, ruddy-cheeked men, whose broad shoulders and backs can only just be squeezed into the partitions which divide the voting desks. Our farmers cannot be called ardent politicians. Even when they take different sides and don their respective party favors they are more giving to ‘‘jollying’’ one another than proselytising or arguing. But the party agents find them very useful in bringing in the out-lying voters, for which purpose they are always ready to lend themselves and their vehicles.

There is a mild excitement about midday when the men from the smithy, and the few who are employed locally in the building trade, and the early morning workers on the dairy farms come in to vote. When these have all gone, the presiding officer and clerk have their lunch, without leaving the schoolroom, as also do the policeman and personation agents.

As the afternoon wears on, the two candidates, within half an hour of each other, motor into the village, peer in at the school, and are off again to continue their hurried tour of the constituency. There is some cheering and counter-cheering as they drive through, and the children follow the cars a long way up the road. But there is no speech-making; for there are few adults about to speak to.

The outlying voters, whom the farmers bring in during the afternoon, are a different type from the laborers in the village. They are less talkative and far more secretive in their methods. They carry this practice of secrecy to such extremes that they are often unwilling to disclose even their names to the presiding officer.

The cause of this unwillingness is an ill-founded suspicion that to ask for their name is a veiled indirect attack upon the secrecy of the ballot. The laborer who lives in the village and rubs shoulders more frequently with his fellows is far more enlightened upon this particular matter. But among the outlying voters the suspicion that the ballot is not altogether secret dies hard.

* * *

Our elderly deaf men, and we have many such in the register, are a sore trial to the presiding officer. Last time there was one very deaf, illiterate old man, who had been carefully primed how to vote, but had been left quite ignorant of how to assert his claim. He entered the room shouting vigorously, ‘‘I vote for Muster Henderson, Muster Henderson; I vote for Muster Henderson!’’ (Mr. Henderson was the Unionist candidate.)

‘‘What is your name?’’ shouted the presiding officer back at him.

‘‘Muster Henderson! Muster Henderson!’’ shouted the old man again; ‘‘I vote for Muster Hendeeson.’’ This cross-questioning and answering might have continued indefinitely, had not the policeman, who was personally known to the old man, acted as intermediary. An absolute stranger could not possibly have got anything else out of the old man than his ‘‘Muster Henderson, Muster Henderson!’’

After tea the polling begins to get brisk. Some of the laborers on their way home from work call in and vote; but the great majority prefer to have supper first. After supper they stroll up to the booth to vote, and are free for the rest of the evening to discuss the situation outside the schoolhouse for a while, if it be fine, and later in the Barley Mow.

By seven o'clock most of the certainties have voted. Vehicles of every kind, however, are still rushing to and fro bringing the stragglers and doubtful ones to the poll. Occasionally excitement outside the booth reaches fever heat. The party clerks who have been stationed here all day are busy comparing notes with their committee-room clerks to make sure that no one has been overlooked. As each trap arrives in the village, the children run down the hill to meet it in order to escort it to the school with appropriate cheers or hisses.

At eight o'clock sharp the last vote is recorded and the ballot-box is closed and sealed and given into the safe custody of the presiding officer and policeman. The constituency is too scattered for the counting to be done tonight, and the result will not be declared till midday tomorrow.

In a few minutes the schoolroom is cleared. The presiding officer and clerk are seated comfortably in their snug trap and are bowling merrily away in the direction of the county town. The farmers, who are even less keen at this hour of the evening than they were earlier in the day, have a quiet drink and separate for home. But the farm laborer, with that strange, unconscious humor of his, adjourns to the taproom of the Barley Mow, there to glory over the secrecy of the ballot and to assert loudly in everybody's hearing that nobody knows, and nobody ever will know, that he has voted today for the popular candidate.

Stories of a Railroad King

HOW McCarthy, the ‘‘Hand-Made Gentleman,’’ induced Commodore Vanderbilt to obtain control of the Harlem Railroad and thus capture and organize the entire railroad system between New York and Boston and Chicago is told in one of the chapters of Irving Bacheller's new novel, ‘‘The Hand-Made Gentleman.’’ This is the incident:

We entered, and saw a large, handsome man sitting by a desk on the farther side of a big room. He had a massive head and white hair and side-whiskers—the latter neatly trimmed—and sat with legs crossed in a big armchair. The elegance of his attire impressed me, especially the waistcoat of figured silk, the jewel in his shirt-front, and the spotless white choker. He looked up over his glasses. The skin began to wrinkle a bit around his dark eyes.

‘‘Well, what is it, sonny?’’ he demanded.

‘‘My name is James Henry McCarthy, of Rushwater, New York, said my friend.

‘‘I don't care what your name is; tell me your business,’’ said Commodore Vanderbilt—for he it was—and he spoke sternly.

‘‘It's a railroad project, referred to by my friend, H. M. Pearl, Esq., in his talk with you.’’

‘‘My God!’’ said Mr. Vanderbilt, as he flung a paper on the desk before him. ‘‘I've got projects enough now. Will you please let me alone?’’

‘‘No, I will not,’’ said the hand-made gentleman, decisively. ‘‘I've traveled over two hundred miles to keep an appointment with you, and I insist that you show me proper respect.’’

The Commodore changed his tone. ‘‘Young man,’’ said he, ‘‘I won't talk with you; I can't talk with you. Come to my house tonight. I'll see you at half past seven.’’

‘‘Thank you, sir,’’ said the hand-made gentleman, as we left the room.

Mr. McCarthy's feelings had been hurt, and his confidence began to leave him. He had gone there with a good deal of honest pride in his heart—perhaps, even, a little too much—and I think he would rather I had not seen his embarrassment.

‘‘I am surprised,’’ he said to me, as we were going down the stairs together. ‘‘He cannot have read the letters of Lord Chesterfield.’’

‘‘Hasn't had time, probably,’’ I answered.

Our inn was near, and no word passed between us after that until we got to our room. My friend strode the floor in silence, and tears stood in his eyes for a moment. I felt for him, but could think of nothing to say.

‘‘I think one gentleman ought to be careful of the feelings of another,’’ said Mr. McCarthy. ‘‘He made me feel like a dog.’’

‘‘He was out of sorts,’’ I remarked.

‘‘I have learned this,’ said the hand-made gentleman; ‘‘business is war. I see it clearer every day. If you want respect you've got to fight for it.’’

We recovered our composure by and by, and spent the rest of the day among tradesmen extending the acquaintance of Sal and the sisters of Sal.

At half past seven we presented ourselves at the house of the Commodore at 10 Washington Square.

Mr. McCarthy carried his map under his arm, and it was about half the diameter of a piece of stovepipe.

A servant showed us into a large parlor. We could see Mr. Vanderbilt in a room back of it, sitting by a table in his shirt-sleeves reading a newspaper. We observed him fearfully as he took our cards from the tray—plain written cards they were, save that Mr. McCarthy's had a bird on it, drawn by his secretary. He flung his paper aside and rose—a splendid figure of a man, full chest, broad shoulders, and the six feet of him straight as an arrow—and came slowly into the parlor where we sat.

‘‘Well, sonny, what can I do for you?’’ he asked.

‘‘I have a map to show you,’’ said Mr. McCarthy.

‘‘Where is it?’’ was the sharp query of the Commodore.

My friend began to unroll his map and said, ‘‘Here it is.’’

The ste[illegible]boat king was impatient. A sharp exclamation shot f[illegible] lips, like the toot of a warning whistle, and he added: ‘‘[illegible]s bigger'n a bill-board. Unfurl it on the floor there. Run it down into the back parlor.’’

In a moment Mr. McCarthy had spread his map and begun talking.

‘‘Here's Albany,’’ he said, pointing with his cane. ‘‘Here's eleven railroads reaching west to Buffalo called the Central System. Here are others that go on to Chicago and others that run east to Boston. Here is the steamer line from New York to Albany, closed half the year. Here are two lines of railroad that run north from New York to the capital—the Harlem and the Hudson River. The Harlem road can be bought for less than six cents on the dollar. I want you to buy it.’’

‘‘What the devil do I want of it?’’ the Commodore demanded.

‘‘It's the key o' the future and you need it,’’ said McCarthy. ‘‘It's the beginning of a great plan. First buy the Harlem, and then buy the Hudson River road. And do you not see that all these railroads that run east and west up here can't reach the metropolis without your help—especially in the winter when the steamers are out of business? Did you ever see a small boy lead a big bull? It's surprising how easy he does it when he has a ring in the bull's nose.’’

I remembered the bull at Baker's, and felt the truth of his remark.

The Commodore was now leaning over the map and looking down upon it.

‘‘These two railroads will give you command of the whole situation,’’ my friend continued, ‘and that's important.’’

Mr. McCarthy paused for half a moment.

‘‘Go on, go on,’’ said the Commodore. ‘‘Let's have your argument.’’

‘‘You can whip 'em all into one system from New York and Boston to Chicago. You can give us a continuous trip between these cities. You can run freight to any point in the system without rehandling on through cars, to pay each railroad system according to the mileage it supplies. You would make it possible for me to sell my goods in Chicago and other distant cities and deliver 'em on time. You would quicken the pace of business. Every factory on the line would double its output in two years. It means growth and a new republic and a string of great cities, and a stream of traffic flowing east and west like a river. There are not so many tons in the St. Lawrence as your wheels would carry, and they would roll on like the water-floods, never stopping. They would enrich you beyond the dreams of avarice.’’

The hand-made gentleman saw the truth clearly, and flashed the torch ofhis enthusiasm on all sides of it. He shook his cane over the map; his eyes glowing like a prophet's. After all this time, I can but dimly suggest the quaint dignity and the singular power of his appeal. I felt it, and have tried to remember all, since these years have complimented his insight by making history of his dreams. I recall how his ardor thrilled me, and how the Commodore rose from his knee and looked at him.

‘‘Young man,’’ he said, ‘‘the dreams of avarice do not bother me. I have made money enough.’’

The tone of his voice made it clear to me, even, that Mr. McCarthy's talk had impressed him.

‘‘True,’’ said the hand-made gentleman. ‘‘But you have power, composed of brains, money, and public confidence. You're the only man who can do this thing, and it ought to be done. You must do it for the sake of the country. Patriotism, and not avarice, will inspire you.’’

The Commodore smiled. ‘‘Boy, how old are you?’’ he queried.

‘‘Twenty-three years; but they count double.’’

‘‘They tell me you've made some money?’’

‘‘I'm getting along very well.’’

‘‘Sit down a minute.’’

A man about thirty years of age had just entered the room. Mr. Vanderbilt turned to him.

‘‘I want you to come over and keep my books,’’ he said, brusquely.

‘‘But, uncle, I'm not a bookkeeper,’’ said the young man. ‘‘I don't know how.’’

‘‘You know enough to take the money that comes in?’’

‘‘Yes.’’

‘‘And add up the expenses?’’

‘‘Yes.’’

‘‘And give me the difference?’’

‘‘Yes.’’

‘‘Well, that's all I want, and any d—— fool could do that. You may begin Monday. Good night.’’

The thoughts of the Commodore went straight to their mark, and his words followed them.

He put his right hand on the arm of Mr. McCarthy. I **saw then how the grip of the oar had stiffened his fingers.**

‘‘Young man, I'll think it over,’’ said he. ‘‘You go home and don't talk too much. What ye don't say will never do any harm. I make it a rule of my life never to talk of anything I'm going to do until I've done it.’’

We left the house and walked slowly in the direction of Broadway.

‘‘He'll do it,’’ said the hand-made gentleman. ‘‘He caught my point on the fly. His brain is quick as lightning, and he had the whole thing in a second. He let me go on to make sure that I knew what I was talking about.’’

* * *

Another good story of Commodore Vanderbilt is narrated in Mr. Bacheller's book:

We took an omnibus, and were presently in the big house on Washington Square.

‘‘Hello, young man!’’ said the Commodore, as he took the hand of McCarthy. ‘‘Going out to the stable to look at a sick horse. Come along!’’

He donned his overcoat, which had a collar of grey fur of about the shade of his hair, and it put a wonderful finish on him. I never saw, in all my life, a better figure of a man.

We went with him to a large stable back of the house. I recall my wonder at its size and comfort and cleanliness, and the splendor of its many vehicles and trappings. Yet it was not fine enough for the Commodore, who, seeing a wisp of straw on the floor of the carriage-room, larruped the coachman with high words. Then a quick, spoken command:

‘‘Bring out the mare!’’

Out came the mare in a jiffy, and Mr. Vanderbilt looked into her mouth and felt her throat and legs, and said, presently, ‘‘Take her back, and have her bled in the morning.’’

He let down the shafts of a light road-wagon and rolled it to the middle of the floor.

‘‘There's a good wagon,’’ said he. ‘‘Take hold of the axle and helft it.’’

We did so, and were surprised at the lightness of the graceful thing.

‘‘Not much heavier than a tom-cat,’’ said the Commodore, ‘‘and it cost me ten thousand dollars.’’

‘‘Ten thousand dollars! Why, it cost as much as a house!’’ said Mr. McCarthy.

‘‘As much as some houses,’’ the Commodore went on. ‘‘I sent for a good carriage-builder, and told him to plan the lightest wagon that would safely carry my weight. He brought the plan for a fifty-eight pound wagon at fifteen hundred dollars. ‘'Twon't do,’ says I. ‘Make it just as strong and five pounds lighter and I'll double your pay.’ Well, he came back by and by with a plan for a fifty-pound wagon for three thousand dollars. ‘That's the best you can do, is it?’ says I. ‘Well,’ says he, ‘I might get it down a few ounces if I had time to study the problem.’ ‘Take time,’ says I, ‘and I'll pay you a hundred dollars an ounce for all the weight you can take out of the wagon, but you must keep is as strong as it is now.’ He took four pounds off the weight of it, and the saving cost me sixteen hundred dollars a pound. Money is quite a stimulant if it's used right.’’

The gentleman stood looking thoughtfully at the Commodore. When the story was finished he struck the air with his hand, saying;

‘‘Mr. Vanderbilt, that wagon is worth its weight in diamonds.’’ We looked into his glowing eyes, and he went on: Let me tell you why. If brains, rightly stimulated, can reduce the weight of a road-wagon without any loss of strength, let's see what they can do with our big, clumsy freight and passenger cars. If we could take a hundred pounds off every car in the country, think what it would mean. That weight could be turned from expense into income. Think of the saving in power and fuel. It would mean millions of dollars!’’

‘‘Hell, boy, go to work on that proposition,’’ said the Commodore. ‘‘I'll give you a dollar for every pound you save on every car that runs over my tracks. I wish to God that my boy Bill had your push!’’

‘‘You are very kind, sir,’’ said McCarthy.

‘‘Look out for the weight of your head,’’ Mr. Vanderbilt continued. ‘‘It's your freight-car—remember that—and you don't want to carry any sap in it. Let me tell you a story: Bill is a fat, good-natured cuss, and wants to take it easy, like all boys with a rich father. I told him that I wouldn't have him loafing, and I sent him down on the farm and put him to work there, and Bill is getting along. He played a good joke on me, and I've made up my mind that he'll do for the railroad business.

‘‘He says to me the other day, ‘Father, I need some manure for the farm.’

‘‘ ‘Well, my boy, how much do you want?’ I says.

‘‘ ‘Seven or eight loads,’ says he.

‘‘ ‘How much 'll you pay a load?’ says I.

‘‘ ‘A dollar a load,’ says he.

‘‘ ‘All right,’ I says to him. ‘Come over to the car-stables and get all you need at that figure.’

‘‘What do you suppose the cuss done to me? He come over and got eight schooner-loads!’’

Mr. Vanderbilt roared with laughter.

‘‘ ‘You're no farmer,’ I says to him. ‘Come right over and learn the railroad business.’ ’’

* * *

Here is the account which the author gives of the ‘‘Hand-Made Gentleman's’’ methods of settling disputes with his laborers:

The candidacy of Mr. McCarthy had been announced; the caucases were coming on; no sign of opposition had developed.

One morning the gentleman came in with important news.

‘‘They will strike tomorrow,’’ he said. ‘‘I have learned the whole plot. Gaffney, that little red-headed Irishman who is the boss of the wrapping-room, is at the bottom of it. They had a secret session last night and made him spokesman. He will come here tomorrow morning and ask me to put out the machines. If I refuse they will quit and fight me.’’

He sat, thoughtfully tapping with his pencil. In half a moment he said:

‘‘That man Gaffney has quite a head on him. I think I'll promote the fellow.’’

‘‘Promote him!’’ I exclaimed.

‘‘Yes; I never discharge anybody. I promote people if it becomes necessary to get rid of them.’’

He tapped his call-bell, and said to the errand-boy, ‘‘Ask Mr. Gaffney to come here.’’

Gaffney arrived presently, a bit embarrassed.

‘‘Sit down a moment,’’ said Mr. McCarthy. ‘‘I said when you came here that I would keep an eye on you, and I've done it. I'm satisfied that you're too talented for your position. I'm going to send you to the shop in Troy, where our machines are made, and keep you there until you've learned all about them. Then I'll try you as superintendent at a larger salary and a five-per-cent. interest in the profits. If you 'tend to business you'll make a fortune.’’

Gaffney was dumb with surprise. His face turned red; his hands trembled; he voiced his gratitude in a stammered sentence.

THE FOURTH CITY IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE

ACCORDING to the census taken on October 22, 1909, the population of the city of Buenos Aires was 1,189,662, an increase since the census taken on September 18, 1904, of 238,771.

The census was taken with the utmost care and preparation, the inhabitants being required to fill out a printed blank stating the name, age, sex, occupation, nationality, country of birth, if vaccinated and how long since, ability to read and write, or either, married or single, number of years married, number of children, as well as whether or not the children attended school. With minors, the name of the school they attended was required, and, if they did not attend any public or private school, whether or not they received instruction at home. All persons were required to state whether they were permanent or transient residents of the city.

Buenos Aires continues to be the largest Latin-American city, the largest city south of the equator, and the fourth city in the two Americas, being only exceeded by New York, Chicago and Philadelphia.

If the city of Buenos Aires maintains the rate of increase of the period of 1904—09 for the next few years, it will contain 1,300,000 people on January 1, 1911, and 2,400,000 in 1924. As the increase, however, is constantly growing greater, even larger figures may be expected, though a slowly increasing factor may slightly counterbalance this—the development of the city of Bahia Blanca. Hitherto Buenos Aires has been the only port of arrival for all the immigrants coming from Europe, who are just beginning to land at Bahia Blanca. This has been one of the main reasons why Buenos Aires is so much larger than other Argentine cities, Rosario, the next largest, having 175,000 people, or slightly less than one-seventh of the population of the capital, and also why it is also the main distributing and manufacturing centre. Every other country of settlement has had at least two separate ports for the reception and distribution of immigrants, while Argentine has only had Buenos Aires. Though the development of Bahia Blanca must of necessity be gradual for several years to come, its natural harbor and other advantages may, in twenty or thirty years, make it a most formidable rival to the capital.

PREFERRED A BOOK TO A COAT

A COLLECTION of rare books, pictures, and antiques valued at $20,000 has been brought before the public notice by the recent death of "Charlie" Hopper, a porter in Sunderland Street, London. Although for many years he earned about twenty-four shillings, less than six dollars, per week, yet entirely by his own means he gathered these treasures, among which are five thousand books, Indian and Chinese curios, and many choice specimens of Crown Derby, Wedgwood, Royal Vienna, and Royal Worcester ware. There are also many cases and cabinets of birds' eggs, shells, coins, stuffed animals and birds. Included in the articles of historical interest is a curious mug from which the Duke of York drank when opening the first Orange Lodge in Newcastle, and a ewer which belonged to Queen Elizabeth.

Many stories are told of the thriftiness of the late Mr. Hopper, who lived an exceedingly frugal life and never smoked or drank. A suit of working clothes customarily lasted him ten years. when he had saved up enough money to purchase a new coat and as he was on his way to the clothier's he chanced to pass a bookshop where was displayed a rare volume of Longstaffe's "History of Darlington." Although the price of the book was as much as that of the new coat, Hopper never hesitated, but bought it immediately. As a consequence the old garment had to do many weeks more of service, though its owner never regretted his purchase.

RAILROAD PROBLEMS IN CHINA

THE most untoward experiences that attend railroading in China fall, it is contended, not upon the promoters or the passengers, but upon the foreign employees. An engineer's life in North China, for instance, is generally an exciting one. Besides natural and routine difficulties, he has to cope with mandarin intrigues, village opposition, mutinous railway coolies, and turbulent soldiery.

A somewhat typical incident was that of 1900, when, during floods, a mob led by soldiery cut the railway embankment and destroyed seven miles of line near Tientsin. The cause alleged was that the embankment prevented the flood-water from running off, which, as there were frequent outlets, was nonsense. Previously attempts had been made to wreck trains, and the foreign employees were constantly threatened.

The life of the foreign guard upon a train is not always a happy one. Mandarins' servants without tickets frequently take possession of first-class carriages, and in the most comprehensive sense make themselves at home. Perhaps, if the weather is cold, they undertake to get warm by lighting pans of charcoal.

Charcoal has certain asphyxiating effects; the other passengers complain, and the servants have to be ejected. Too much violence might lead to a general attack on foreigners, while too little would not be effective. The unhappy guard has to follow the happy mean between a hard push and a knockdown blow.

There have been many ludicrous as well as dangerous incidents on the North China line. When it was first opened, Chinese would come to the ticket-office and try to bargain for tickets. When told the fare, they would offer half, and gradually raise their bid, much disgusted that they should not, in a business spirit, be met half-way.

One day a country gentleman, on his first ride in a train, seeing his house midway between two stations flying past, deliberately opened the door and stepped out into space. At the pace the train was going a European would certainly have been killed, but the supple Celestial, after a prolonged period of somersaults, was seen to pick himself up, dust his clothes, and set off home across the fields, much pleased with his short-cut and the convenience of the "fire-wheel carriage."

CENSORS OF PLAYS

MR. FORBES ROBERTSON, the noted English actor, has voiced his approval of a censor of plays. In a recent interview he says: "Speaking of the censor, I do not join in all the outcry against him. For my part, I think him a very convenient adjunct to the London manager's menage. The young people who attend the theatre in such large numbers must be protected, and surely it is better for us managers to submit a play to one man than to a board."

"You seem almost alone in upholding the censor," said the reporter. "There seems to be such wide-spread opposition to him that I wonder the office is still maintained."

"It is all politics," was Mr. Robertson's reply. "You have no idea how our public men fear the Nonconformist vote. That, you see, means the strait-laced body of people, and to them the censor stands as the guardian of purity.

"Fortunately, our censor is a man of wide culture and broadminded in his views."

In Germany the censor is a government official. The position that Dr. Hermann Possart occupies in Berlin is important in that he controls practically the amusement facilities of the most important city in the Empire. Choosing a man for this position is not an easy task, for it requires extreme tact and education along many lines differing from those connected with college experiences. He must know what is best for the public, and also keep track of the moral, political, and religious aspect of everything that appears on any of the stages in Berlin.

This does not only mean that he must pass judgment on whatever takes place in the theatres where straight dramatic pieces are produced—he is oblidged to investigate the performances at every opera house, vaudeville house, concert hall and circus that operates in the city. The greatest care, for instance, is taken that every act in a vaudeville show has a moral tone, and even the sensational acts of acrobats and jugglers are censored so as to ensure safety.

On Good Friday and Repentance Day the censor extends his duties to music, the concert halls are allowed to produce only sacred music, the theatre being closed entirely.

Besides these duties the censor issues licenses, not only to places of amusement, but for theatrical agencies, and has to pass judgment on everything in the shape of a public attraction that appears in the city. The penalties for opposing his wishes are severe.

FASHIONS AND FANCIES

Satin Gown with Pearl Embroidered Tunic

AFTER a woman has known the comfort of the tea gown, or the kimono, with its loose lines and clinging folds, she looks upon it as a boon and dislikes to call her wardrobe complete without both. There are a multitude of pretty, soft materials to choose from for the pretty negligee. The suitable materials are French flannel, flannelette, pongee, lawn, organdie, albatross and the daintily figured challies kept just for that purpose.

There is no denying the popularity of the kimono cut of breakfast jacket and lounging robe. Dainty and alluring models may be bought, but the prices are so stupendous that the woman with good taste and limited means as a rule chooses to make her own rather than be compelled to buy the cheaper-priced garments, which for no particular reason are cut along awkward lines and made up with little consideration as to the choice of colors.

Most attractive among the three-quarter length kimonos is the one of brocaded silk. It is trimmed with bands of plain silk and has two utility pockets. Another style is exceptional and is also made from the brocaded silk. The trimming consists of a narrow band of plain satin around the neck and down part of the front. The satin must exactly match the most prominent color in the brocade body of the gown. It is finished around the bottom of the front and back with a deep band of satin. The sides are slashed and finished with narrow satin bands. It is closed with satin buttons and silk loops.

The longer kimono makes a pretty boudoir gown and will make up as a warmer garment in flannel with contrasting satin bands. Ruffles and insertions of lace may be used until the crepe and China silk kimonos in single colors may be made into elaborate breakfast jackets. Dotted challie trimmed with bands of silk in a contrasting color is also a dainty design, and serpentine crepes and silks, the plain bands for decoration, should repeat the most prominent color in the figures.

The tea gown on this is a rather elaborate affair of pink chiffon of rose tint and the same shade of satin. The tunic is of the chiffon, embroidered in silks of the same color. It is slashed on each side of the back and each side of the front. The slashes are bound with satin; a scarf of the satin is drawn through the slashes and tied in the front. The of the tunic is made with a panel and tied in the front. The back of the tunic is made with a panel, which has a deep tuck on each side; the tunic finishes in a point in the back. The short sleeve is cut in one with the tunic. The gown of chiffon is shirred at the neck and at the waist line. It is finished at the lower part with a wide band of satin; the band is connected with a narrower band with a puff of chiffon. The long sleeve is of the satin. The short yoke and standing collar are of chiffon. The gown is made over soft satin of the same color.

The following descriptions, though not accompanied with illustrations, will give some idea of the range of styles and colors which the tea-gown includes this winter. And what is more charming than to come upon a woman in her home an unexpected guest and find her ready to entertain in one of these delightful gowns which combine elaborateness and comfort in an artistic gown.

There is one tea-gown of primrose yellow silk cashmere. The gown is tunic style. The tunic opens in the front and drapes around to the back. The back is made with a long, loose panel which is shirred into an ornament of the color, covered with an embroidery of silk. The gown opens at the neck over a chemisette of embroidered silk muslin. The gown is trimmed across the front with embroidered bands of the satin. The loose sleeves and sides of the gown are of satin embroidered all over in silk; they are cut in one. The sleeves are shirred at the lower part from under a folded band of soft satin. The band is finished at the lower part with a frill of lace. The sides of the corsage are pointed in the back and front. The points lay over onto the front and back of the gown and are finished with embroidered ornaments. The lower skirt is plain and hangs full under the tunic.

Frock of china blue silk cashmere, another design. The sleeve is cut in one with the tunic. The skirt part of the tunic is slightly shirred at the waist line and is attached to the body under an embroidered band, which starts from each side of the back. The tunic is cut away in the front above the waist line and filled in with a panel of tucked silk cashmere. The skirt part of the tunic is slightly shirred in the back of the waist line. The tunic is short in the front and slopes long to the back. It is cut in a point on each side of the back. The tunic is embroidered in silks of the same color. The neck is finished with a separate embroidered band of the material. The band is outlined on each side of the front with satin buttons and loops of satin cord. The gown fastens on the left side of the front under the band. The collar and vest are of embroidered chiffon. The lower skirt is slightly shirred in the front from under the waist line. The lower part of the skirt is of soft satin to match, trimmed with bands of lace dyed to match.

Another gown is of royal blue silk, flecked with gold and royal blue chiffon. The lower skirt and sleeve are of the silk. The tunic is of the chiffon. The tunic laps to the left side of the front and is finished around the edges with a frill and puff of chiffon. The neck is finished with a narrow band of black fox. The shoulders are draped with soft satin ribbons of the same color, which are drawn through the girdle on each side of the front and finished in long scarfs. The girdle is of satin, finished on the end with a frill. The loose upper sleeve is in one with the tunic. It is finished on the edge with a frill and puff of chiffon.

In the foulard class are shown some novelties that are very attractive. One is so printed as to resemble jersey silk, and is shown in small figured effects. Another is a diagonal in appearance, while a third shows the Pekin stripe, overfigured in many designs.

In the general line the patterns are all more or less diminutive and represent dots of all sizes, circles, linked or separate, detached figures of various formations, Dresden and medallion designs, and broken, crinkly stripes in many varieties. In every instance the general effect is quiet—that is, there are none of the large, bold designs so long considered necessary to the "style" of foulards.

* * *

It would take an expert calculator to count the different shades of grey and blue. The world has given its favor to these two colors this season. Two new names that go with tones that are charmingly soft and becoming are bat grey and Beauvais blue.

Scarfs of soft satin or fine corded silk trimmed with marabout or fur are still much in evidence. They are longer and wider than formerly and appear to be one of the chief accessories of dress. One of white satin trimmed with a two-inch band of skunk was a most stunning affair. Spanish lace scarfs—in both black and white—are also used as shoulder wraps.

* * *

A florist of many years' experience gives the following recipe for preserving flowers: "When you receive a bouquet, sprinkle it lightly with fresh water, then put it into a vessel containing some soapsuds, which nourish the roots and keep the flowers as bright as new. Take the bouquet out of the suds every morning and lay it sideways in fresh water, the stock entering first into the water, keep it there a minute or two, then take it out and sprinkle the flowers lightly by the hand with pure water. Replace the bouquet in the soapsuds and the flowers will bloom as fresh as when first gathered. the soapsuds need to be changed every third day. By observing these rules a bouquet can be kept bright and beautiful for at least a month, and will last still longer in a very passable state, but the attention to the fair and frail creaures, as directed above, must be strictly observed.'

A WONDERFUL WARDROBE

THE most costly wardrobe in the world is to be found at Rome, and belongs to the Pope. Each day etiquette compels him to wear different garments, and as nearly all of them are ornamented with rich and rare gems, no millionaire could hope to purchase them, even if a value could be placed on them.

The Pope's little skull-caps are of the finest and most beautiful of silk, while his slippers of embroidered velvet are gorgeous to look at, being works of art. His gloves, made of white wool, are still more costly, embroidered, as they are, with fine pearls in the shape of a cross.

A special herd of fifty sheep is kept, from which all the Papal woollen garments are manufactured. The surplices are of the most valuable and beautiful lace, while one long cape, the Cappa Magna, which is rarely worn, hangs straight from the shoulders, and literally gleams from top to bottom with gold and precious stones.

The rings, too, which the Pope wears are priceless, containing, as they do, many stones of matchless quality.

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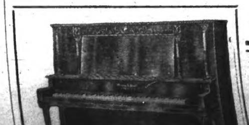

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No. 214	Passenger, daily.	1.35 a.m.
No. 236	Local Passenger, daily. (except Sunday)	16.06 p.m.
No. 8	Soo-Portland, daily.	2.52 a.m.

WEST BOUND.

No. 213	Passenger, daily.	2.30 a.m.
No. 235	Local Passenger, daily (except Sunday)	12.05 p.m.
No. 7	Soo-Portland, daily.	4.00 a.m.

The Churches

ANGLICAN

ST. THEODORE'S CHURCH.—Morning Prayer, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 3 p.m. Evening Prayer, 7.30 p.m. Holy Communion, 11 a.m. first Sunday in each month and 8.30 a.m. on third Sunday in the month.

L.D.S.

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.—Sunday School at 10 a.m. every Sunday. Sacrament meeting at 2 p.m. Sunday evening service at 8 p.m. Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, every Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. Primary Association every Saturday at 3 p.m.

PRESBYTERIAN.

KNOX CHURCH.—Morning Service, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 2.30 p.m. Bible Class, 3.30 p.m. Evening Service, 7.30 p.m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday, 8 p.m.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1910

Still they come, and still there's more to follow! In these days when there appears to be a scarcity of general news, and the editor receives suggestions to manufacture news, there are always some news that are authentic which are in evidence to all that have their eyes open, and that is the large number of settlers arriving daily in Taber. The local merchants are quite jubilant to think that so many actual settlers are taking up the land tributary to Taber. Taber has one of the finest townsites in the West, and with the natural resourses of coal and the prospect of gas, there is no reason why we should not have one of the finest cities in southern Alberta. Several new stores are to be built this summer and we are given to understand that they will be good substantial structures. Pipes have arrived for the construction of an up-to-date waterworks system, and we are expecting that those who have the matter in hand will see that the work is proceeded with at the earliest possible moment. The large number of settlers arriving daily indicate that several hundred acres will be plowed the first time, and it will not be very long before the Taber district will become as famous for wheat as for coal. With the continual growth of Taber there will naturally come the demand for garden produce, and no doubt some enterprising experts in this line will have their eyes open to business.

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"Music hath charms." Alberta may soon be called the musical province. The Southern Alberta Musical Festival is to be held at Claresholm on the 30th of the month, and the Alberta Musical Festival is to take place at Edmonton on May 3rd, 4th, and 5th. At the latter there is to be a band contest, and we should like to see the Taber band come up to the mark and take their place along with the rest. We are glad to note some practice has recently been held, and if we can't get up a good baseball club let us have a good band. It would be a splendid advertisement for Taber if the band were to compete and bring away one of the prizes. This is something certainly worth thinking about and acting upon. A notice of the festival will be found on another page.

×

In connection with the building of a new school, the trustees have been making arrangements for issuing debentures for $45,000, but a poll has been demanded by the ratepayers, and as soon as the forms arrive from the Department the notices will be posted around the district. We shall have something to say regarding this matter in a later issue.

×

Where is the Fire Brigade? This is an important question at the present moment, but as things are at present it cannot stand alone, but must be coupled with the waterworks system. People are wondering why this work cannot be proceeded with while we are having such beautiful weather. But we are only mortal. We cannot for the life of us say why it isn't being done, or why it should not be done at the present. Possibly Wednesday's town council meeting may throw some light upon the subject, so we would refer our readers to the proper source of information. But if progress is not to be made at once, we would suggest tanks or concrete wells in which to store water, also the substitution of pumping engines in place of chemical, so that in case of fire there may be some possible hope of putting it out or at least prevent one from spreading.

◆

R. C. Church

Mass will be held in Cousin's Hall, on Easter Sunday morning at 10.30. The Rev. Father Myers will officiate.

First Medal for Remarkable Bravery

Toronto, March 18.—For the first time in history the "Albert medal of the first class," was presented to a Canadian citizen, when at Massey hall last night, Lieut.-Gov. Gibson pinned the emblem on Thos. Reynolds, the North Bay hero of the C.P.R. wreck at Spanish river.

The ceremony was included in St. Patrick's celebration of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. There were 3,500 people present.

Hon. Chas. Murphy, secretary of state, introduced Reynolds amid great applause. Murphy said the Irishmen were playing a great part in the development of Canada. In a visit to Manitoba he found the foremost statesmen there were Irishmen. He referred to the hearty welcome of the Irishmen's association at Saskatoon. The chief cattleman of the west was P. Burns, a Calgary Irishman.

Lieut.-Gov. Gibson said the Albert medal was awarded only for absolutely remarkable heroism. He read congratulatory letters from Earl Crewe. A great demonstration accompanied the presentation, three cheers and a tiger were given. Murphy then presented Reynolds with the medal on behalf of the Royal Canadian Humane association.

Reynolds accepted the honours modestly, declining to make a speech, though called upon by the audience. He appeared embarrassed and was relieved when the ceremony ended.

◆

40,000 Men to Construct Hudson Bay Railway

Prince Albert, Sask, March 18.—Dr. Reid, of London, England, with his wife and family, arrived in the city last evening. Dr. Reid is here in connection with the Hudson Bay and Pacific Railway, and will have charge as medical superintendent over all the construction camps in connection with the building of the road. When interviewed here last night the doctor said:

"We mean business and I think that before many weeks, or as soon as the frost is out of the ground, you will see the plows at work in building the grade of the Hudson Bay and Pacific Railway. I am not ready to give out much information as yet and prefer to wait for Mr. Atwood, chief engineer, of London, England, and A. J. Taylor, a contractor, of New York."

"Has the survey route been completed?" asked a reporter.

"A flying survey has been made," said Dr. Reid, "but it is the intention of the engineer to organise survey parties to complete the survey as soon as he gets here."

"What route will be followed and what will be the cost of the road?"

"The road will run from Edmonton to Prince Albert, and from there through to the Pass and to Fort Churchill, from there the line will run up through Athabasca. We propose opening up all the Athabasca territory and we estimate that the distance covered by the new road will be 1,800 miles. The cost we expect will be $25,000 per mile."

"Will the building be started from Prince Albert or from different points?"

"So far as I know," said the doctor, "the building will be done from four or five different centres. I expect from Prince Albert, Edmonton, the Pass and Fort Churchill. It is estimated the company will engage 40,000 men in construction work. A number of men will likely be brought in but we hope to get the greater number in western Canada."

◆

Georgian Bay Canal

Western Associated Press Service.

Montreal, March 19.—Interest is again being aroused in the Georgian Bay canal scheme. It is announced in Montreal that Sir Robert Perks will be here soon in connection with the big project. W. J. Poupere is in Ottawa to-day in connection with the scheme. As the act respecting the company has received the royal assent, it is thought that some development in the matter will soon be reached.

S. R. Casgrain, when spoken to to-day, said he hoped an agreement would be reached between the company and the government so as to enable a start to be made on the work as soon as possible.

"As one of the delegates who recently waited on the premier," said Casgrain, "I have every hope that the government will soon be in a position to take definite action. In fact I believe the work will be started much sooner than most people anticipated."

◆

Line to Peace River By Lesser Slave Lake

When President McKenzie of the C.N.R. was in this city recently Mr. Cote interviewed him and impressed upon him the advisability of extending the C N.R. to the Peace River country by way of the Landing and Lesser Slave Lake. In this he was supported by General Manager McLeod, who informed Mr McKenzie that his engineers had encountered very serious engineering difficulties in attempting to find a route by way of the Swan Hills, which are south of Lesser Slave Lake. Mr. Cote wrote to Manager McLeod last week again pointing out to him the advantage to the C.N.R. by extending by way of the Landing and Lesser Slave Lake.

Secretary Sawle, of the Athabasca Landing board of trade, writes the Bulletin along the same lines as advocated by Mr. Cote. He says:

"I have read with interest your editorial in your issue of Saturday the 5th inst re the Peace River railway, in which you enlarge upon a speech in the House some days ago on railway communication to the Peace River.

Your policy that a road to that new country via Athabasca Landing would prove more beneficial to Edmonton than a road by any other route cannot be questioned. This board has worked along this line for some years past. It is a matter that should commend itself to every business man in Edmonton, more especially the wholesaler.

The C.N.R. have had their bonds for the extension of their line from Morinville to this point, guaranteed by the provincial government, and we have the assurance of the C.N.R. that such extension will be completed at an early date. The line from Edmonton to here would undoubtedly prove a good investment. From here westward the line would open up some excellent country. Around the west end of Lesser Slave Lake there is already a large settlement of farmers in good condition, in a good country.

The acreage under crop in this district this coming season will far surpass any previous years, as the settlers are steadily coming in in anticipation of the completion of the railway here."

◆

Oliver on the West

Toronto, March 18.—"There are more Canadians to-day born in Canada, residents of the United States than there are in Western Canada. Why did these men in the west remain instead of going south of the line? It was because they were Canadians in spirit, and wanted to remain in Canada."

In these words, Hon. Frank Oliver defended the Canadians in the north-west before the Canadian Club to-day at luncheon.

Mr. Oliver said that he did it because he had heard from the lips of public men and read it in the papers, that there was a great misconception down east as to the spirit of patriotism existing out west. Mr. Oliver said that if easterners wanted to see what the real Canadian spirit was they must look west of Lake Superior.

Anglican Church

GOOD FRIDAY.

Evensong and Sermon 7.30 p.m.

EASTER SUNDAY.

Holy Communion 8.30 a.m.

Matins and Holy Communion 11 a.m.

Evening Prayer 7.30 p.m.

All communicants are urgently asked to try and communicate on Easter Sunday.

◆

With the Theatres

PALM THEATRE

Last Saturday night saw the biggest crowd that has ever turned out to witness the moving pictures at this theatre. "The Hobo's Dream" was the most comical of the set shown, causing roars of laughter. Every night this week there is a change of programme, and on Good Friday night "The Passion Play" will be given. This is a very large film consisting of three reels, and will therefore be the only one shown that night. Prices as usual. A wrestling match will take place after the show on Saturday night.

STAR THEATRE

The Star Theatre is as popular as ever. Many of the pictures shown are in touch with the west, showing great feats of horsemanship, and winning the well deserved applause of the audience. "Lucky Jim" was a most amusing film. The management are doing their best to give the public value for money.

Toronto, March 18.—A million postcards passed through the Toronto post office within the last 24 hours, so that it is apparent that St. Patrick's day was observed somewhat in this city. There were ten wagons full on Wednesday night that left the general post office for trains. Many cards were cancelled because of their objectionable character in lampooning the Irish.

At the time of going to press a prairie fire was raging south of the track.

Mr. Jas. Wilson, a recent arrival in Taber, holds the record for an individual load of wheat hauled by one team. The load consisted of 20,340 lbs = 339 bushels, hauled by one team of horses two miles. The team weighed 2,750 lbs, and is claimed to be the biggest load ever hauled by one team. The load was hauled to Monte Vista Station, Colorado, on Dec. 30th, 1909. Chester Mathias, a neighbouring farmer, hauled it to town.

◆

DIED.

Benjamin A. Turner, the son of Mr. and Mrs. James Turner, of Coal City, on Sunday, March 20th, aged 5 years 4 months.

TOWN PROPERTY
FARM LANDS
MONEY TO LOAN
INSURANCE
SCRIP
PERCY LAPUM LEACH
1910
PHONE 90
OFFICE—Alberta Drug Block.

PALM THEATRE
(Formerly Beck's Opera House)
Lessee and Manager—C. E. JUDSON
MOVING PICTURES
Every Night at 8 o'clock
except Wednesday Night
CHANGE OF PROGRAMME EVERY NIGHT
DANCING CLASS
Under the direction of Mrs. Carl Judson
Wed. Night, 7.00-9.30
SOCIAL DANCE FROM 9.30 p.m. TO 1 a.m.

- TO - FARMERS
Why not have your Stationery Printed in the most up-to-date style?
CALL at the
Free Press
office and see our samples

Pioneer Lumber Co. Ltd.
We carry a complete stock of the best in
LUMBER
AND
BUILDING MATERIAL
Come and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere
A square deal to everybody is our motto
W. S. RUSSELL - Manager

FORMALIN

FOR

Smut in Grain

We sell 16 ounces to the pint. You are sure of getting Good Strong Fresh Formalin from us.

Alberta Drug & Stationery Co., Hough St., Taber

JUST ARRIVED

Big New Stock of

EDISON RECORDS

WESTLAKE'S

Jewellery and Stationery Store

THE EMPIRE CAFE

(Next door to the Palm Theatre)

New, Clean, Up-to-Date

Best Short Order Cook

Quick Service

MEALS 25 CENTS

Short Order Price on Bill of Fare

The Palace Flour and Feed Store

FRONT ST. TABER

The Cheapest Place in Town to make your Purchases

GOODS DELIVERED PROMPTLY

W. FISHER, PROPRIETOR

THE LOCAL IMPROVEMENT ACT, EDUCATIONAL TAX ACT, VILLAGE ACT AND THE SCHOOL ASSESSMENT ORDINANCE.

NOTICE is hereby given that under the provisions of The Local Improvement Act, Educational Tax Act, Village Act and The School Assessment Ordinance, a Judge of the Supreme Court has appointed WEDNESDAY, the 6th day of April, 1910, at Ten o'clock a.m., at the Court House in the City of Lethbridge, for the holding of a Court for confirmation of the Returns made under the provisions of Sections 91 of The Local Improvement Act in respect of the following Local Improvement Districts, viz:—

Local Improvement Districts Nos. 602 and 605.

And to Section 11 of The Educational Tax Act in respect of lands situated within the following area, viz:—

Townships 1 to 14 in Ranges 11 to 15, West of the 4th M.

Townships 1 to 17 in Ranges 16 and 17, West of the 4th M.

Townships 1 to 19 in Range 18, West of the 4th M.

Townships 1 to 19 in Ranges 19 to 22, West of the 4th M.

Townspips 1 to 6 in Range 23, West of the 4th M.

Townships 1 to 5 in Range 24, West of the 4th M.

Townships 1 to 4 in Range 25, West of the 4th M.

Townships 1 and 2, and S.½ of 3 in Ranges 26 and 27, West of the 4th M.

Townships 1 and 2 in Ranges 28 and 29, West of the 4th M.

And of Section 67 of The Village Act in respect of the following Villages, viz:—

Village of Stirling and Village of Mountain View.

And of Section 19 of The School Assessment Ordinance in respect of the following School Districts, viz:—

School Districts Nos. 458, 510, 584, 825, 1145, 1379, 1381, 1404, 1455, 1464, 1528 and 1676.

Dated at Edmonton this 5th day of February, 1910

JNO. PERRIE,
Tax Commissioner,
Department of Public Works.

8-36

FOUND

Found—a watch. Any person proving identity and paying for this advertisement may have same.

Apply Free Press Office.

WARNING

The Public are hereby warned against dumping rubbish on any lands belonging to this Company. Offenders will be prosecuted. The Town owns a nuisance ground—use that.

Canada West Coal Co.

NOTICE

Be careful where you get your seeds. White seed oats for sale at reasonable price at O. Hefty, 9 miles south-east of Taber; S 35-8-16, west of the 4th M. These oats yielded 70 bus. an acre last year. You may get it clean or uncleaned.

O. Hefty.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

Easter Greetings to all our readers.

Don't forget that 35 is the phone number of the Free Press.

H. J. Ball, of Bowsville, was staying in town over Sunday.

Mrs. Joules went to Lethbride on Monday to undergo an operation.

Mr. Stetson was the guest of H. H. MacLeay, at the Palace on Sunday.

G. A. Willoms has purchased a house and lot on the Douglas addition.

Billy Connor, of Sundial, spent a few days in Taber on business this last week.

G. A. Willoms has had a new sign painted over the front of his blacksmith shop.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Robinson went to Bow Island last week to reside on their homestead.

If you have anything for sale try a want ad. in the Free Press. It will bring results.

BORN—To Mr. and Mrs. J. J. O'Reilly, on Saturday, March 19th, a son—Patrick John.

The announcement is made by the department of the interior that the sales of undisposed school lands will take place at Camrose and Medicine Hat during the summer at dates to be fixed later.

The town is being greatly improved by a number of sidewalks being put down, and there is some talk of putting one along Hough Street and past the Free Press office. This is greatly needed.

The changes at the Royal Hotel include the addition of six bedrooms, thus bringing the total up to 30. When completed the increased accommodation will no doubt prove an incentive to the travelling public to make this house a place of call.

The Atlantic-Pacific Land Syndicate last week sold two sections of land to A. Schnell of North Dakota at $25 an acre. This speaks very well for the value of lands in the Taber district which will no doubt in time be selling as high as $50 an acre.

J. C. McNish, of Edmonton, superintendent for the construction of government telephones, and T. Campbell, of Lethbridge, district manager, were in town on Monday. It has been decided to double the amount of cable in Taber, and the men are now busy at the work.

A gang of men arrived in town on Wednesday of last week for the purpose of telephone construction. One of the number, W. Russ, met with an accident on Thursday. While pointing one of the poles the axe slipped and cut his foot. Dr. Leech has been attending him and we glad to report he is steadily improving.

Mr. James Wilson, of Colorado, has come with his wife and family to reside in Taber. Mr. Wilson is charmed with the splendid climatic conditions obtaining here, and found it an agreeable surprise that we were favoured with so much sunshine, etc. We welcome Mr. Wilson as a citizen and trust he may be successful here.

A farewell party and dance will be given on Tuesday, March 29th, to bid God speed to Bert Holman, who is leaving Taber to take up missionary work in the Samoan Islands for a period of three years. The meeting will be held in the Taber opera house and will be free to all. Several addresses and a short programme will be given, to be followed by a dance.

The Rev. J. R. Munro announced in church on Sunday that the result of the canvass for subscriptions for the building of the new church was very gratifying. That a much larger building is needed is evidenced by the fact that on Sundays the church is packed, and the chairs so closely placed that it reminds one of sardines in a box. However the managers hope to have this rectified very shortly, as the new building is to be commenced almost immediately.

All the stores will be closed on Good Friday.

C. E. Judson is installing a new 25-h.p. gasoline engine at the Erickson mine.

D. L. Coulter, of the New York-Atlantic Land Co., has taken offices over the new Bank of Hamilton. Read his advertisement on the back page of this journal.

The new hymn books will be used in the English Church for the first time on Easter Sunday. A limited supply will be found in the church, but those who wish to obtain their own may buy them at Westlake's.

Miss M. T. King, who for several years has been an assistant to Dr. Herbert Lake, in Calgary, has arrived in Taber to take her place in the big dental office over the Post Office. Her outfit also has arrived and is in place.

We own and have for sale at right prices more than 30 sections of choice land lying to the southeast of Taber and south of Grassy Lake. Always in the market for good wholesale tracts from owners. Write ATLANTIC-PACIFIC LAND SYNDICATE, head office, Minneapolis, or call main field office, 2nd Floor, Alberta Block, Lethbridge.

A meeting of the conservatives of the southern half of the federal riding of Medicine Hat, will be held in the Caledonian Hall, Lethbridge, on Tuesday, March 29th, at 8 p.m., for organisation and for the purpose of appointing delegates to attend the General Conservative Convention which is to be held in Ottawa on June 15th and 16th. The bills request every conservative to attend. A. H. McKeown is the chairman of committee.

The Relief Society met in the L.D.S. church on Thursday afternoon, when an entertainment was given. The church was decorated for the occasion, and after the programme was completed lunch was served free. A large gathering were present and had a most enjoyable time. In the evening a dance was given in the Taber opera house, when the city band was engaged to play the music for the young folks, while the old folks indulged in the old-time dancing to old-time music. A charge of 50c. was made for the dance and there was a large crowd present.

A successful concert was held in the Palm Theatre on St. Patrick's Day, under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the A.O.H. An excellent programme was given, and there was a large audience present. Besides an array of local talent, were Professor Trimblay and Miss Harris. Miss Edna Myers was the accompanist. The theatre orchestra also furnished music. The dances by the children who were dressed in white with green on sleeves, were well received. An item of special mention was the skirt dance by Baby Rita Malo, in her own baby way. Moving pictures were also shown, one of which was "The Irish Blacksmith." At the close of the concert a dance was given and refreshments served.

A fire broke out last Thursday afternoon on the freight siding here. There had been a great rush of settlers to Taber bringing their effects with them, and for a day or two previous they had been burning the straw of the cars along the track, and the wind being very high on Thursday it caused the sparks to fly around, resulting in the loading platform and three cars of settlers' effects being burned, also a quantity of settlers' effects lying alongside the track. The fire bell was rung and the two chemical engines taken to the scene of the fire but they were really of no value whatever. The fire continued to burn until the next morning. The machinery and household effects were burned in the cars and it was a pitiful sight to see such a condition of things, especially when it is known that the settlers have practically staked their all on venturing thus far into a new country to build up new homes for themselves and families. The names of the settlers who lost their effects are W. J. Carey, H. H. Ridding, and O. Weimer.

For Something really New ...and Up to the Minute...

GO TO

Campbell & Anderson's

LADIES' WEAR STORE

READY TO WEAR AND PIECE GOODS

CHILDREN'S GARMENTS

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S FOOTWEAR

AND

EVERYTHING TO DELIGHT THE FEMININE TASTE

Opening of Campbell & Anderson's New Ladies' Store

Monday witnessed a new departure in the business life of Taber. It will be counted as a red letter day in the business history of Messrs. Campbell and Anderson, as their fine new store on Hough Street was opened under the most auspicious circumstances, as a Ladies' Store. The store is constructed in the most modern style, and the large stock of dress goods and ladies' and children's wear were displayed in the most tasteful manner, intersected with palms. The windows are large and arranged in such a way as to show off the goods to the most advantage, and yet escape the hot sun. In the afternoon the ladies continued to pour in, when they were kindly invited to make a thorough inspection, and were served with ice cream and cake. Mrs. Belligmier entertained the guests, and was assisted by the Misses Long and Mrs. Wilson. Everybody appeared to be happy and we have no doubt whatever that the business relations between the ladies of Taber and Messrs. Campbell and Anderson will be to their mutual benefit and entire satisfaction. Miss Long will be in charge, and will endeavour at all times to meet the wishes of the general public.

DON'T FORGET

The Presbyterian Entertainment to be held in the Palm Theatre, On EASTER MONDAY, March 28. An excellent Programme has been arranged, consisting of Choruses, Drills, Tableaux, &c.

EVERYBODY COME!

Literary Society

The usual fortnightly meeting of the Literary Society was held in the Presbyterian church on Monday evening, the Rev. J. R. Munro presiding. It had been arranged that four ladies should take part in a debate, but owing to the illness of one, an alteration was made whereby four juniors took their place.

The subject for debate was "Resolved that one can learn more from observation than from reading," the affirmative side being taken by Miss Mabel Douglas and Miss Marjorie Powell, the negative by Master Tainter and Master Williams.

The debate throughout was of a most interesting character. Some of the chief points on the affirmative side were that the knowledge in books is obtained through travel; that students find it necessary to travel to complete their education; that teachers find that some scholars can only be taught by observation; that conversation and exchange of ideas are of more value than reading; the advantage of a trip around the world; if we can get as much from books as from observation why are not more books bought, etc.

On the negative side some excellent points were also brought out, as follows:—Through reading boys educate themselves, and gave Lincoln as an instance; art galleries may convey sensation but books make them famous; through reading we meet people in thought, we learn of the heroism etc. of our ancestors, we learn the history of other countries, is more adapted to train the mental faculties; observation does not teach how to speak correctly, or when to say "I see" or "I don't;" people write down what they have seen in order to refresh their memory; our rulers, etc., are crammed with book knowledge. After Miss Mabel Douglas had replied, the judges, Messrs. E. R. Vickery, J. T. Willard, and W. C. Ashby, retired to consider their decision. It was finally decided that the negative had the most points in debate, and the affirmative in delivery. The points counting even on both sides, it was declared a tie.

After the debate an interesting discussion took place.

The following also took part in the programme. J. H. Prowse, two readings; trio, Mrs. Tainter, Miss Fulton, and Mrs. Willard; concertina solo, W. Strain.

The meeting closed with the singing of the national anthem.

The Free Press Job Plant

WE HAVE BEEN ON TRIAL—
And we know it.
WE ARE MAKING GOOD—
And you know it.
WE DON'T INTEND TO "MARK TIME"—
You don't expect us to.

We are able to keep a little ahead of the progress of this prosperous little city, and we want to hold our place.

JOB PRINTING

Of the class that will help to

MAKE TABER FAMOUS

STOCKING DYE CAUSED POISON

A case at Kingston shows vividly the danger of neglecting to apply Zam-Buk to a cut or a sore. Mrs. A. Harrison, living in Place d'Armes, while attending to her household duties, struck her ankle against a sharp projection on the furniture. She took no notice of the injury, deeming it trivial. In a day or two the ankle began to swell and cause excessive pain. A doctor, called in, found that dye from her stocking had entered the wound and set up blood poison. Treatment with Zam-Buk followed, but it was several days before the limb was out of danger. "Had it not been for the powerful antiseptic properties of Zam-Buk and its exceptional healing virtues, the wound might have had a very serious result," says Mrs. Harrison. "But I believe if I had applied Zam-Buk at the time of the injury, it would have prevented the blood-poisoning altogether."

40 YEARS PROOF
You don't need to experiment in treating Spavin, Ringbone, Curb, Splint, Capped Hock, Swollen Joints, Old Sores, or any Lameness in man or beast.
KENDALL'S Spavin Cure
has been the world-wide remedy for 40 years.
Johnville, Que., Jan. 9, 1908.
I have used your medicine for nearly forty years, and now I take the liberty to ask you to forward one of your books to me. I once had a horse with two Bog Spavins. I tried your Cure and at the end of four months he was as smooth as the day he was foaled.
Yours respectfully, John Smith.
$1. a bottle—6 for $5. Get our book "A Treatise On The Horse" at dealers or write us. 39
Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburg Falls, Vt.

LEARN THE BARBER TRADE
Only eight weeks required. Free Tools
Positions secured at $14 to $20 per week.
Wonderful demand for barbers. Call or write for Free Illustrated Catalogue.
Call and see Canada's largest and finest Barber Shop.
MOLER BARBER COLLEGE
222 Pacific Ave. Winnipeg

Dye Your Clothes In the Sure Way.
DY-O-LA
ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS.
Just Think of it! With the SAME Dye you can color ANY kind of cloth Perfectly—No chance of mistakes. All colors 10 cents from your Druggist or Dealer. Sample Card and Booklet Free. The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Dept. O., Montreal, Que

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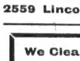
We teach
BOOKKEEPING, SHORTHAND, TYPEWRITING
and all other Commercial Courses right at Your Home in your Spare Hours.
OUR COURSES, INSTRUCTORS, & EQUIPMENT ARE THE BEST IN CANADA
Take your course At Home and save Half the Resident Fee.
Higher Accounting and Chartered Accountancy also taught by experts. Get our record.
Write today for particulars.
THE SHAW CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
393 to 403 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada



ENTERTAIN AND AMUSE YOUR GUESTS
Book containing 250 jokes and riddles; 73 toasts; 13 tricks with cards; 40 amusing experiments in magic; 16 parlor magics; 13 parlor pastimes; 8 fortune telling secrets; 10 funny readings; 52 money-making secrets. Catalog of tricks and entertaining books, all for 10c postpaid
Send Silver] HELFRICH & CO.,
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We Clean and Dye Clothes
For patrons extending from Toronto to the Yukon, Why not for you?
Modern Laundry and Dye Works Co.
Limited
309 Hargrave St. Winnipeg

Russell Automobiles
WE HAVE SECOND-HAND CARS
ALSO MOTOR SUNDRIES
CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO
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FURS
Do you trap or buy Furs? I am Canada's largest dealer. I pay highest prices. Your shipments solicited. I pay mail and express charges; remit promptly. Also largest dealer in Beefhides Sheepskins, etc. Quotations and shipping tags sent free.
JOHN HALLAM, TORONTO

Consignments
—OF—
WHEAT, OATS and FLAX
will receive personal attention. We gladly wire what we can get before selling.
Continental Grain Co., Ltd
223 GRAIN EXCHANGE
WINNIPEG

The Horseman

IMP. Albert, one of America's greatest stallions, is dead at the age of 28 years. When 13 years old he was purchased for the Adelbert Stud, by its owners, Dr. M. W. Williams and Major Cyrus S. Radford, Assistant Quartermaster of the United States Marines.

He distinguished himself as a sire in an incredibly short time after being taken there, and in 1900 Williams and Radford refused an offer of $30,000 for him. Their judgment was well vindicated by the next crop of yearlings, which brought $32,000, one of the number selling for $7,700.

Purchased in the fall of 1896, his first crop, nine or ten two-year-olds, placed him premier stallion in 1898, with nearly $100,000 to his credit. Of this crop came Mesmerist, the champion two-year old of his time, who won $50,000 in stakes.

Then followed Herbert, winner of $45,000; Bonnibert, winner of $40,000 and holder of the world's record for one and one-eighth miles, at Brighton Beach, New York, for a number of years, and Hattasoo, winner of $20,000 who established a record at Sheepshead Bay. The list of his winners is extensive, but his percentage is estimated by no less an authority than General Jackson, at 95, probably higher than that of any horse in America.

During the ten years from 1897 to 1907 he had an average of about twelve yearlings shipped to New York each season, and these sold for $150,000. Their combined winnings have been nearly half a million dollars. Albert belonged to the No. 4 family and was a noted race horse in England. He captured the Seaton Deleral Stakes and other important races. His sire, Albert Victor, was a superior race horse and brother to George Frederick, winner of the English Derby.

Albert's dam, Hawthorne Bloom, was a great mare, being out of Alice Hawthorne, dam of Thornaby, winner of the Derby and other celebrated races. J. H. Walsh—"Stonehedge"—the best English authority on breeding, made a table of the best English matrons, and eight of the first ten appear in Albert's tabulation.

Albert was bred in England and raced in England until his fourth year, when he was imported to Canada. There one of his products was Jardine, a celebrated campaigner. He was purchased by a Mr. Prather, of Missouri, and remained in that State three or four years, but had no opportunity of siring good winners. At the death of Mr. Prather he was purchased by Campden and Chenault, of Lexington, Ky., where he remained for one season. One result was Lady Inez, one of the greatest mares of her day. Mr. Campden sold his interest to a Mr. Douglass, of Franklin, Tenn. Albert made one or two seasons in Tennessee, but it was not until his purchase by Williams and Radford that he became renowned, establishing a record which will forever adorn turf history.

That he lives in his produce is shown by the stake horse given to the racing *game by his daughters, Jinks and Hattasoo. Messrs. Williams and Radford have reserved quite a nice lot of young Albert mares*, and as soon as conditions in the racing situation clear up they will continue the noted Adelbert Stud, selecting some worthy young horse to follow in the footprints of the grand old horse Albert. The death of Albert took place on the farm of E. B. Lindsay, in Todd county, who purchased him from his Tompkinsville owners two years ago.

Imp. Albert was owned at London, Ont., by the late T. D. Hodgins. He made two seasons in the stud in the vicinity of London and got a number of good halfbreds. Like many other noted sires, his greatness was not discovered until he had left the country.

* * *

When will horsemen learn the advisability of getting their horses ready to race early? There is always a good chance to acquire a few June purses when fields are small and candidates not up to their midsummer form. To be sure a great deal depends upon the spring training season, and when trainers have to work in a season such as the past, horses are bound to round to slowly. But with that point conceded, it seems as if horses should be able to race before August, a month which rings in so many first performances of the year.

However, racing circles that essayed the idea of early racing were in most instances during 1909 doomed to a disappointing result of their action. In many cases an entire week's programme was called off because of lack of entries, a deplorable result unquestionably. Associations that braved the financial shortage foretold by slim entry lists, gamely went down into their pockets and paid their obligations, unless some unusually attractive feature of the programme caused a paying gate and consequent credit balance.

In ordinary seasons it is inexplicable why fairly large fields cannot be obtained for June meetings. Athletes who specialize in most strenuous sports are in prime condition long before that month arrives. The season of the greater leagues in baseball opens in April each day in this most rigorous exercise, despite the changeable weather of early springtime. To be sure, the conditions are not parallel in human and equine training. There are often weeks in April and May that trainers are scarcely able to use the track at all, through the effect of storms and bleak, threatening weather. But with all these curtailments of training and consequent slow speed development it seems hardly unreasonable to expect fair fields and good racing by June fifteenth, at any event. The earning capacity of trotters and pacers would be materially increased and players work two or three hours Also many clashes of dates would be avoided.

* * *

One of the most trying experiences in the teaming industry is to have a horse balk when asked to move a load well within his ability. A horse that possesses a balky temperament is never safe in an emergency and the driver is always anticipating trouble with his charge. The incorrigible balky horses of the rural districts find their way to wholesale markets where under the test of hauling a heavy truck wagon on a paved street with the wheels blocked the vice is immediately discovered. If the animal has been sold as serviceably sound, and guaranteed a willing worker and a cheerful puller, the buyer rejects his purchase and the horse is resold without any guarantee except clear title of ownership. Some horses have learned to balk by being overloaded and abused. Their courage has been overtaxed and they rebel, disheartened at the task they are asked to perform. Other horses appear to balk from natural inclination and appear foaled full of innate stubbornness. Balking, like wind-sucking, cribbing, weaving and halter pulling is a vice developed by natural inheritance. In breaking young horses to harness too much caution cannot be observed in asking the youngster to pull light loads to begin with. Balkiness is an attribute of equine meanness that when it manifests itself is sure to appeal to the evil disposition of the teamster. To know that a horse is well, has been humanely treated, and is only asked to perform that which he can do easily, and have him refuse to do it naturally, incites the driver to punish the animal. Beating a balky horse does not appear to reform him from the vice. When exhibiting a demonstration of his balky disposition the horse appears to be immune from the pain of punishment and stands beating without flinching. The animal appears to be under the influence of a spell in which he would rather die than obey the voice of his master. The balky horse cannot be conquered by brutal treatment, but may be induced to pull by many devices intended to attract his attention from his resolution not to pull. To lift the forefoot and pound on the shoe, to put a handful of grass or dirt in his mouth, to give him a lump of sugar or an apple to eat have all proved successful in some instances in inducing a balky horse to pull. To pass a cord around the pastern and pull the forefoot forward until the animal has to move is also a means of starting a balky horse. An electric battery manipulated by the driver gives an animal a shock from a source that he does not comprehend and is the latest device in treating incorrigible horses.

STORIES OF PORTUGAL'S YOUNG KING

"I LIKE that young man—he is very serious-minded." Such is King Edward's opinion of Portugal's boy king. That this opinion rightly describes the young monarch's disposition the following incident goes to show.

Before he became king he one day came up to a group of his friends in the palace grounds, who were laughing immoderately. Upon inquiring the reason of their mirth he was informed that they had just been talking to a newspaper reporter, whom they had fed up with a number of fictitious stories, which he had taken quite seriously. King Manuel was greatly annoyed. "You laugh," he said; "but I do not see anything funny in what you have *told me. You have done this poor fellow a very serious injury. He may get dismissed. Go after him at once, and set him right.*"

Kingship has not spoiled King Manuel. He believes in the simple life, and has a great liking for all outdoor sports. Apart from business of State, his days are mostly spent in reading and riding, and occasionally he varies these pursuits with a little fencing. Manuel is developing a character strikingly like that of his late father, who was so cruelly assassinated last February. He is immensely popular with his subjects, especially the fair sex.

When King Manuel paid his first visit to Oporto as King of Portugal, a large crowd of people gathered in the station yard to welcome him. Amongst these were several girls of the peasant class, whose fair-haired and blue-eyed style of beauty contrasts strongly with that of their brunette sisters of the south. As the king alighted from his compartment one of the girls ran forward and kissed him on the cheek. Manuel was nonplussed, but only for a moment. The next instant, to the delight of the onlookers, he had returned the salute, and the girl, laughing merrily, returned to her friends.

This prank annoyed one of the Ministers, who ventured to reprove his Royal charge. "Is not your majesty aware," he said, "that a constitutional monarch should never act without first consulting his Ministers?" "In matters of State," replied the young king, laughingly, "I am certainly constitutional, but in such matters as this I am absolute." An then, in almost jocular defiance, he added, "I've a good mind to kiss all the girls I see."

BE READY TO CURE HORSE AILMENTS

BECAUSE a farmer has to work with his horses and have their services nearly every day in the year, it is absolutely necessary that he be posted on their common ailments and know how to treat their injuries.

A horse owner should determine to be his own veterinary, at least in the ordinary cases. Little things happen too frequently to horses to be all the time depending on others. It is inconvenient as well as expensive to go for a horse doctor when a horse goes lame or there is a swelling to reduce or a wire cut to heal.

It is not out of place to suggest, as we have frequently done before, that it is wise to have such a thoroughly good and reliable horse remedy as Kendall's Spavin Cure constantly on hand.

Kendall's Spavin Cure is now, and for a long series of years has been, a standard horse remedy. It can hardly be too strongly recommended. Its compounder thoroughly understood horses and their diseases. He brought the ailment and the cure together and this applies not merely to one ailment but to most of the common troubles of the horse.

In this connection, we want to commend to our readers an excellent little book called "A Treatise on the Horse and His Diseases." This book and Kendall's Spavin Cure ought always to go together. The book is a wonderful little compendium of horse knowledge. It gives symptoms, describes diseases, suggests proper treatment. In very many cases Kendall's Spavin Cure is the only remedy needed. The book can be had free at the drug store where Kendall's Spavin Cure is sold or it may be secured by writing to the Dr. B. J. Kendall Company, at Enosburg Falls, Vermont, U. S. A., if you enclose a two-cent stamp to pay postage.

CARUSO'S FIGHT FOR FAME

MY dear mother, alas! died when I was only fifteen. Had she lived it is possible that I might have continued to study mechanical work just on her account. But her death caused me to alter my career while there was yet time, and I therefore announced my intention of abandoning the study of engineering to devote myself entirely to art and music. My father, when he heard of this resolution—"this open rebellion on my part," as he called it—went into a great rage and declared that he would have no more of me. In fine, he gave me the choice of continuing to learn to be a mechanic or of starving.

I chose, rashly enough, no doubt, to starve, and forthwith became a wanderer, with nothing wherewith to fight the world but a good physique and an optimism that happily never failed me. I managed to pick up some sort of livelihood at church festivals and private entertainments, though I well remember that when I was eighteen I was faced with this problem: "Was I a tenor or a baritone?"

I decided to study, but I left my master after eleven lessons, for no other reason than that he could not decide for me if I was to become a baritone or a tenor. Since then I have realized how great must have been his difficulty, for at that time I think I was scarcely ripe for study.

The baritone, Misciano, then took me to his master Vergine, who promptly declared that I was too young for serious study and that my voice was not sufficiently strong However, after two trials he decided to give me lessons regularly, though I well remember that at that period my voice was so thin that my fellow-pupils were wont to declare that it resembled nothing quite so much as "the wind which passes through an open widow."

Still, undeterred by this decidedly unflattering criticism, I contiued to study under Vergine until my work was cut short by military duty, and for a year I wore the uniform of the Thirteenth Regiment of Artillery, being quartered at Reiti. One morning Major Nagliati, of my battery band, heard me singing as I polished the buttons of my tunic. "What is your profession?" he asked, sharply. I stammered out: "I—I—aspire to singing in opera." The same evening he informed me that he had found a master for me, and that during the thirty-five days I should remain at Rieti I might continue my lessons.

A little later on it was arranged that my brother should take my place, and in 1895, when I was just twenty-two years old, I made my debut at the Teatro Nuovo, Naples, my native city, in an opera by Signor Morelli, entitled "Amico Francesco."

Very often I have remarked that operatic singers know little or nothing of the words of any of the characters of the plot of an opera in which they take part save their own, and even of this they have but a vauge idea—believing, no doubt, that if they sing the music correctly that is all that is required of them.

I am perfectly convinced, however, that a sound education and strong literary sympathy are of invaluable assistance in helping the good singer to reach a high state of excellence, and on this account I think that a singer should carefully read and re-read the whole libretto, so as to inform himself of the poet's meaning in the construction and purpose of the plot.

A GROUND GLASS SUBSTITUTE

ORDINARILY plain glass coated with the following mixture will make a good ground glass substitute: Dissolve 18 grains of gum mastic in 3½ drachms of ether, then add 1 2-3 drachms of benzole. If this will be too transparent, add a little more benzole, taking care not to add too much. Cover ne side of a clear glass and after drying it will produce a perfect surface for use as a ground glass in cameras.

Storyettes

ONE afternoon recently Monsieur Briad, Prime Minister of France, who had been to the theatre with friends, was getting into a motor-car with them when two working-men slouched up.

"Ah, Citizen," said one of them, "you would refuse to come and have a drink now, I suppose, as you're a Minister?"

"No, I would not," said M. Briand. And, leaving his friends, he went off arm-in-arm with the two men to the nearest wine-shop. He probably enjoyed himself less than he would have done elsewhere, but these things mean votes.

* * *

IT is proposed that the French Chamber of Deputies shall vote by electricity this year. A screen will be placed near the secretaries' table containing the names of the deputies, and against each name will be five spaces, marked, 'Present,' 'Absent,' 'Yes,' 'No,' 'Vote unrecorded.' At the beginning of each session, when the deputy takes his seat, he will press a button in front of him and so record his presence. Then at the time of the vote he will vote 'Yes,' 'No,' or his wish to abstain by pressing the necessary button.

* * *

THE latest craze in Paris is the jig-saw puzzle. And a noble lady, who is a fervent jig-sawist, had a fright last week which she is not likely to forget. Madame la Duchesse has a new butler. The man is an excellent servant, but he has rather a forbidding face, and his mistress, who is easily frightened—she is an elderly woman—was a little nervous of him. The other afternoon M. le Duc was ill, and the Duchesse, who had been sitting up with him, kept herself awake with one of her favorite puzzles. She went to bed, leaving the puzzle unfinished on the drawing-room table. At four o'clock in the morning she woke, startled into wakefulness by a light tap at her door. She thought immediately that her husband was worse. "Who is it? What is it?" she cried. The voice of Baptiste, the butler, answered:

"It's all right, Madame la Duchesse, it's all over and finished."

The Duchesse rushed out into the passage.

"You don't mean to say my husband's dead?" she said.

"No, no, Madame la Duchesse," said Baptiste. "I have finished the puzzle."

A SCHOOLMASTER, giving instructions on drawing, placed a statue of Daniel O'Connell on the desk. Before starting to sketch it he asked several questions, and did not get a right answer; so getting in a fury he asked this question:

"Paddy Reilly, what's the length of his hand?"

Paddy Reilly: "Eleven inches, sir."

Schoolmaster: "Why didn't they make it an inch longer?"

Paddy Reilly: "Sure, master, 'twould be a foot then."

* * *

A YOUNG man who had just married suggested to his wife that they should argue some question fully and frankly every morning. This, he thought, would help them to gain a fuller insight into each other's nature, thus making for increased happiness. The first question happened to be: "Can a woman dress on twenty-five dollars a year?" He took the affirmative. And when last seen he was rushing upstairs to take shelter in the garret, and she was following with a broom.

* * *

A COMICAL misadventure happened recently at Marseilles to H.R.H. the Duchess of Fife. Her Royal Highness was on her way to Egypt on board the India. When the boat stopped at Marseilles, she sent on shore to ask for telegrams. She expected one from the King, but there were no telegrams. Her Royal Highness asked the authorities to make a search, feeling certain, she said, that there must be something for her.

A search was made, and in the Dead Letter Office a telegram was found addressed: "H.R.H., Duchess of Fife, Marseilles." It had been returned marked "Boat unknown." The telegraph officials had jumped to the conclusion that the name on the telegram was that of a boat, and the initials, "H.R.H.," those of the passenger!

* * *

"WHAT, sir," asked the large man with the bulging biceps and the ponderous fist, as he glared at the slim gentleman who had accidentally stumbled over his toes, "what would you say if I were to tell you that you were an awkward ass and an annoying chump?"

"I should at once say," replied the other man, who had enjoyed the advantage of a course in the Diplomatic Service, 'that you had the courage of your convictions.'"

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THE BUCK-EYE
VOL. 1 WEEKLY EDITION NO. 21
The Cost of Living
From coast to coast a howl is raised about the cost of living.
To hear the calamity-prophets' wail, you would think that the prices of foods had purchased aeroplanes for the express purpose of soaring out of sight.
Beef has gone up, it's true!
So has the price of wheat!
Clothes cost more than they did!
Groceries have followed the fashionable lead, and your boots require more dollars to buy them, and wear out faster.
In all the economic scale, two things alone retain their humble level of two years ago.
Throughout the whole range of the necessaries of life, the difficulty of attaining enough to satisfy the essentials of life has increased.
Yet there are two bright exceptions to the general rule.
The exceptions are SALARIES and BUCK-EYES.
Yes, let us be thankful; the price of BUCK-EYES is still ten cents.
Faithful to the last, the manufacturers of the BUCK-EYE cigar realize that were they to fail the public the result would be chaos.
At all costs demoralization must be averted, and the price of BUCK-EYES kept down.
And in the universal struggle for life, many a man today is being cheered and uplifted by the thought that no matter what comes, whether prices ebb or flow, whether a rolled roast today looms larger in the family purse than the porterhouse of last week, yet can he still purchase his BUCK-EYE for ten cents.
P.S.---A man can live with equanimity on porridge and canned cream, with fried potatoes on the side, if he only has a BUCK-EYE to take away the after-taste.

The Edge of the Dark

BY EMERSON TAYLOR

THE big-framed man who opened the door of the old house eyed my sketching kit with a look that was vaguely distrustful, even before I had ventured to ask him for a few days' board and lodging.

''Will you have the goodness,'' he demanded, all in a breath, but with the mildest intonation, ''to tell a sufferin' soul who the never-mind-the-names fool was who gave you to understand I kept a spare-the-details summer hotel?''

I explained that I was an artist and was very eager to do some sketching on his land, but, because the village was a long five miles off, would find it hard to go and come every day. And I added an offer for board which was large enough to tempt any landlord in New England.

''Come in,'' he said, enlarging the opening of the door. ''But be so very kind as to remember that your stay under my all-sorts-of-bad-names roof ends just as soon as the why-speak-of-it clock strikes twelve on Friday proximo.''

''All right, Mr.——''

''Brace is my name,'' he said quickly. ''An uncommon kind o' man, too. Different from the hull unfit-to-be-mentioned rest of mankind, I be! But come in 'n' choose where you'll sleep, if you have the habit.''

So I closed with him, and a couple of hours later, after I had pitched my easel and umbrella down by the little river, near the soft grey willows, I could have sung from sheer happiness. My work went smoothly and effectively, and the afternoon spent in prospecting for other bits and corners of landscape I could use was delightful.

But from the moment I returned to the house for supper the face of things altered. I was beset with a curious restlessness, which went far to spoil what otherwise had been a perfect day. Did you ever amuse yourself by fancying that your shadow was alive—a friendly companion who shared your good times? That is all very well, but unfortunately the shadow sometimes becomes a haunting bogey. Well, hardly had I come back to Brace's house before I became conscious that this latter sort of shadow thing was near me every moment. And, what was worse, I never saw it. During supper I could feel a burning pair of eyes on me. Later, I was sure that somebody or something was looking in at the keyhole of my little bedroom; and when I tore open the door to catch him, I could swear that the spy or the shadow had just whisked out of sight round a corner or upstairs to the attic. In the middle of the night I awoke from a most horrid dream to catch a glimpse, as I thought in my half daze, of a shape which slipped noiselessly across the porch roof and down a pillar.

Brace heard the tale of my fancies with a laugh.

''Haanted, eh!'' he cried. ''Guess you've got a not-fit-to-be-mentioned bad conscience, ain't you? There ain't no ghosts here, not unless you've brought 'em.''

''Sure?'' I asked, lightly; and to my surprise the man blazed up in red anger.

''You didn't see nor hear nothin','' he insisted, then laughed again, and went off into a long, rambling account of himself and his fortunes, perhaps to divert my overstrained attention. I grew interested enough to hazard the guess that at some time or other he had followed the sea, such is the mark the forecastle leaves on a man forever.

''Think so?'' he grunted. ''Wal, there was a mate on three or four tramp steamers. 'Specially on the Sagamore. Oh yes, there was a plenty good mate on her. Speakin' of which and all, ain't it 'most time for you to get out 'n' art some?''

''You're right, Mr. Brace.'' And I stood up.

He followed my example instantly. ''Say,'' he confided, lowering his voice, ''I didn't mean to be cross jest now. But, my beloved brother, don't—don't go round sayin' there's ghosts in this house. It's things like that make scandal in the neighborhood, and besides, it ain't comfortin' for a man to hear what has to live by himself.''

I promised with a laugh, for, to tell the truth, I was a good bit ashamed of my foolish notion, now that by daylight what I had named The Eyes had ceased their watch. But when I had gone to work in the open, the certain knowledge came back—call it instinct, what you will!—that The Eyes were once more following my every motion. It wasn't a case of nerves, for I was never nervous in my life; it wasn't imagination, for I haven't any. All that day, and the next, and the one after, that shadowy thing followed me afar off, I knew, until Friday morning found me tired out and unfit for anything like decent work.

It occurred to me, however, since I hate to let a day go by without making at least some little study or sketch, that a possible place of refuge could be Brace's cow stable. No ghost would be likely to walk there, for sure; and Brace's magnificent Holstein bull was an interesting subject for a painter like myself, much interested in cattle as material for pictures. I had no great heart for the work, to be sure; but at least it would fill some of the time I had left before my departure at noon.

To reach the stall where Mr. Bull was waiting to have his portrait painted, I had to walk down a passage some twenty feet or more, the length of the low-ceiled, dingy cow-shed, so that, as I sat painting, my back was to the entrance. It was a kind of blind alley, you understand, ending in the rough pen where lay the bull, with no exit whatever, unless you retraced your steps to the door. Well, I had been at work an hour or so, I suppose. At any rate, my sketch had begun to take pretty definite shape. The great black and white beast, the yellow-gray straw, the darker woodwork, were all set down; all the thing needed was to be ''pulled together,'' when suddenly, right in the midst of my good time, I heard somebody open and shut the door behind me. I supposed it was Brace, and kept at work.

''Hello!'' I cried. ''Come and have a look.''

But when no answer came I sprang to my feet and faced about.

It was not Brace. It was a giant of a boy that stood there, filthy and terrible to look at, with his mat of clotted hair and torn clothes, the gray dirt on his feet and face. But the worst thing about him was not his empty yet cunning madman's eye, but the fact that he stole along by the wall with his enormous hands crooked and outstretched, as though ready to tear or squeeze.

''Stand back!'' I yelled, catching up my stool. I tell you that my stock of courage was bankrupt, all right. ''Clear out!''

''Why did you look round?'' he complained, whiningly, dropping his ugly hands. ''They always look round too soon—all chickens. But some day,'' he went on in that uncanny croon of his—''Ah, this way!''

For his restless eye had caught sight of a hen which had strayed into the cow-shed and was now jerking and picking its way along the passage. And instantly, with a chuckle, he turned from me and went to stalking her. It sounds silly enough when I tell it, but, by Heaven! it was wicked to see until with a horrid yell he pounced upon his prey. Then I looked away, faint and sick.

He came back, rubbing his hands on his shirt.

''I'm good,'' he announced, dropping down by my easel. ''Make another bossy picture. I like pictures. I saw you make them outdoors, chicken. But you were always looking round, so's I couldn't get you. Make a picture now.''

Never did I do anything quite so quickly as picking up my palette and brushes. And nobody knows what kind Providence inspired me to paint a silk hat on my splendid bull's head, and a red tie round his mighty neck; but that is what I did, and my visitor awoke the echoes with unholy laughter.

''Ho, ho!'' he bellowed.

''Ho, ho, ho!'' I responded, till the stable resounded, and the big bull scrambled to his feet with a snort.

''Ho, ho, ho!''

The door opened a second time, and Brace stumbled into the stable. His face was grey with fear. He panted for breath. His hand was pressed against his heart.

''Sonny-son!'' he gasped; and at his cry I pricked up my ears.

'''Vast!'' he shouted. And at the queer command the boy whipped to attention, his hands at his sides. ''Are—are you all right?'' Brace demanded of me.

''Why not?'' I replied, as coolly as I could manage.

''I—I hadn't seen you for quite a while, an' I heard the laughin'.''

''The laughing?'' He might tell his story in a minute more, I thought.

''His!'' said Brace, nodding at the idiot. ''Good Lord!'' And the big man leaned against the wall. ''Sorry he bothered you,'' he said. ''Come Bill, you go home.''

''He looked round,'' the boy complained. ''I guess he ain't the Right One.''

''No,'' said Brace. ''Mind that. This is not the Right One at all.''

''But you'll tell me when he comes—the Right One?''

''Sure. I'll show him to you, all right, my boy.''

''Your charge seems well trained,'' was all I could say, when the idiot had shambled off.

''He's no charge of mine,'' was the sturdy answer, at which I had a hard time to keep from showing my surprise, you may be sure. ''He strays over here from the Neck Road, Bill does, lookin' for the Right One, whatever that is. Seems like he likes to kill chickens. He's what folks round here call a harmless.''

''I don't like the way he carries his hands, then,'' I retorted. ''Nor the look in his eye when he's sneaking up behind a human being.'' And I told him all my tale. ''The brute meant to strangle me,'' I concluded hotly.

''Him? You're nervous. And—say, this little affair may's well be a secret between us, eh? After you git back to town, Bill's folks 'd feel awful about his gittin' out o' bounds this way.''

Of course I agreed. This tale would not have been told at all unless certain things had happened, which, so far as I can see, quite released me from my promise.

Brace followed his queer changeling out into the yard, with me at his heels, and, with a comforting wink in my direction, he started off with him round the house, ostensibly down the road. But it seemed to me that the two of them disappeared with strange rapidity, and I thought I heard in the upper part of the house something like a scuffle and a shout of laughter. But I stayed where I was, struck by a sudden scruple, born perhaps of the man's rough tenderness for his helpless son, for such I was sure the boy must be.

Right there is where I ought to have picked up my traps and gone back to town—on foot, if need be. My time was nearly up, anyhow, for I had asked the rural-delivery man to have a team sent out from the village at noon, and it lacked only a little of that hour. But I was extremely curious as to what that queer exchange about the Right One between Brace and the boy could mean: I had, too, a kind of sporting desire to get at the reason for being shipped off at noon on that particular day. And to cap all, there had started in one of those fine northeast rains which evidently was going to prevent a team coming for me, after all, as I decided about one o'clock.

''I'm afraid I've got to stay a little longer,'' I said to my host.

''Well, why not?''

''I thought you wanted to get rid of me today,'' I could not help remarking. ''I supposed you were expecting some other guest.''

That was purest guesswork on my part; but Brace started as though stung.

''Who d'you think'd come to see me?'' he growled. Had he forgotten what he had said to me on my arrival? It looked that way. He flushed a dull crimson, biting his lip under his beard. ''It may be a man'll come from over Clinton way,'' he added, slowly, his steady look daring me to question the truth of what he told me. ''I— He talks of buyin' my bull.''

The day dragged along slowly enough. I tired finally of seeing an imaginary criminal revealing himself in each of my host's stupid commonplaces; tired of trying to get excited over the ''mystery,'' for, after all, what mystery was there?—connected with the man and his doings. And I think, too, that I was growing heartily sick of my self-appointed role of spy, when just after supper I noticed a fresh-looking, eight-ounce bottle standing on the mantel-shelf beside the clock, and idly enough asked what was in it.

''In that bottle?'' And he studied it as though trying to recall where he had ever seen anything like it before.

''Medicine?'' I hazarded.

''Now what a lot of questions you can ask!'' he exclaimed, not ill-naturedly. ''That's chloroform, my son.''

''For the cat?''

''And the kittens,'' he added, solemnly.

Blank silence again, I listening to the noise of the rain and wishing I was home, Brace sitting with his eyes fastened on the door, the two of us talking about nothing at all. For perhaps an hour we sat there, when suddenly I was rescued from the depths of utter boredom by a short tap on the door.

Rap, rap rap, it went, and then twice again.

''Leave the room!'' said Brace to me, curtly. But the next second he cried: ''Stay here. I'd rather you did.''

Rap, rap, rap, and then two more of them.

The rain was roaring on the roof. Brace sat perfectly still. Only his hand travelled to his coat pocket, and I distinctly heard the click of a revolver being cocked—or thought I did, at any rate.

''Would you mind openin' the door?'' he asked, blandly. ''You're next to it. It's probably the man from Clinton way about the bull.''

But it was no farm-bred specimen who stood on the porch, dripping, before the door. Even in the darkness I could see that he was a squarely built Portugee-looking chap, with little earrings and he was asking if this was where Meestare Brace lived.

At my answer he sighed happily, and his teeth flashed in the widest of smiles.

''I some-a so far to-a see heem!'' said the visitor, plaintively.

''Let him in!'' came from Brace at that moment, and the stranger passed me, drawing from his pocket a letter addressed but not stamped. There was scrawled on it a rude drawing of a skull and cross-bones.

I waited outside, thinking of the cocked revolver in Brace's pocket. And in my fancy I conjured up a picture of the interview between the two men—between the cruel mate of the Sagamore, the pirate chief, thieving leader of a gang, or what not, and a member of his cheated or revengeful crew. Something of the sort they must be—that pair in the little room, which was so very quiet. Nonsense, wasn't it, to believe any such foolishness about them! But—well, I've often wondered since what it was that Portugee really wanted, and why Brace had waited for him half in fear, half in eagerness, so very long. Why had he decided to let me stay near, after all, at the close of the waiting time?

The visitor came backing out of the door again.

''It must-a be so,'' he said, not threateningly at all, but as if merely stating a fact.

''All right,'' Brace answered, steadily. ''Tell Smith I understand. Will you see him soon?'' he added.

''Maybe in one hour.''

''Maybe,'' said Brace. ''Wait here a minute,'' he ordered, when the Portugee had vanished out into the rain and the dark, and then stepped out into the kitchen, whence a ladder led to the upper floor. In less than a minute he was back again. He stood over by the door, apparently listening. Unconsciously I glanced out the window, and what I saw there brought me to my feet. For there had crossed the light a huge figure. I did not see it distinctly—only enough to make me feel cold about my heart. But the figure moved at the same sneaking, sliding pace I had heard behind me that morning in the barn; and I had a glimpse of an eager, grinning mask.

I must have cried out, for the first I knew Brace had pushed me back into my chair.

''Sit still,'' he growled. ''What you makin' all that noise about?''

''The boy!'' I cried, making for the door. ''I saw him. He'll do murder. Stop him, Brace.''

But he held me back with an arm which felt like a bar of steel against my breast. For a moment I struggled desperately, fighting to warn that poor devil who was being tracked like a chicken out there in the night. But it was no use. The steel bar turned to a coil of wire roop, twisted round me, and jerked me across the room.

''I said,'' remarked Brace, smiling evilly, ''for you to keep quiet.''

''The boy—!'' I cried again.

''What do you mean?'' he asked, coolly. ''There's nobody left the house since the Portugee.''

''Yes!''

''No!'' he replied, his eyes narrowing.

''You—murderer!'' For in a flash the whole of the man's villainy showed before me in letters of fire.

''Can you prove it, son?''

''You set the boy on him! You trained him to wait for the Right One!''

''In a court of law?'' he continued, finishing his sentence composedly.

''I suppose you don't know anything about that bottle of chloroform, either,'' I went on wildly. ''It's lucky that Portugee didn't want to sleep here tonight. He'd have never waked up, you coward! He's lucky to have even the chance he's got now. You——''

But I stopped short. Out of the darkness came a horrid yell of joy and a volley of laughter I heard in the stable.

For what seemed an hour we sat in frozen, stricken silence. The roar of the rain was like thunder.

''I'm goin' out,'' said Brace, presently. ''Wonder who it was that laughed just now,'' he added, game to the last.

''For God's sake, stay here!'' Somehow I could not bear the thought of even this rascal's going out to meet that cruel, creeping shadow. ''You mightn't turn round in time.''

''I don't know what you mean,'' he answered, and with that black lie on his lips he resolutely stalked out into the night.

In an agony of fear and helplessness I waited alone. The noisy clock ticked off five, eight, eleven minutes; but still no sign from outside. I watched the black square of window till my eyes ached; my heartbeats I could hear. Would Brace come back alone! Would—and I whirled round, stung sharply by some horrible presentiment, remembering that the door to the kitchen was unlocked.

And there He stood, with his cruel hands opening and shutting, his pale eyes alight. There was no laughter in his face now. I darted behind the table, searching desperately for the least weapon. But by a foolish irony the only things my eyes lighted on in that whole room were the bottle of chloroform and my canvas-bound sketch-book. The idiot took a couple of steps toward me, grinning.

''I looked round!'' I yelled, hoping against hope.

''Ho, ho, ho!'' he laughed, tiptoeing on. ''You're a chicken! One I caught in the road. One I caught in the yard—a big one with a beard. And I'll catch you, too, chicken. Don't you run away. I'm a-comin'. My fingers ache, but I'm strong—strong!''

''Mighty strong!'' I assented. ''But you can't break that chair, Bill,'' I added, pointing. ''That's stronger than you are!''

In a second the chair was in splinters. He tore it apart and smashed it as I might a paper box, then kicked the pieces aside in an excess of ferocity, as if he hated them.

''And now that chicken!'' he giggled, making a sudden snatch at me across the table. I owe my life to the fact that my coat was buttoned tight, his big paw swept so close to me. And I thank all the gods that his lurch against the table only set the smoky lamp rocking on its base, for if it had been put out—! I shiver still, thinking of that darkness! I flung myself backward out of his reach, when right in the midst of my terror a thought flashed to me which seemed to hold out a ray of hope. I should have watched my grisly opponent's every motion; but instead I leaned forward again recklessly, and snatched up my sketch-book from the table. By sheer good luck he held off.

''Pictures, Bill!'' I shouted gayly, fluttering the pages. ''The bull! Let's make some pictures!''

There was a dreadful pause of doubt. Then without the least warning the giant dropped his horrible hands and gave a grin that was not ugly at least.

''You're not a chicken!'' he said, as if disdaining the very thought. ''You make bossy pictures.''

Till then I thought I had passed through as many dark hours as fall to the lot of the average man; but the whole of what followed I can never tell. Much of it is undesirable to relate at all. What I need recall for you is the fact that for upward of two hours by the clock I sat drawing cattle—dancing, drinking, standing on their heads, anything!—while all that time the maniac stood behind me in absolute silence save for his noisy breathing; and all the time his terrible hands rested on my shoulders, to travel up now and then and tighten experimentally round my throat, if for a single second my invention flagged or my hand wearied.

At length I had filled the book.

''Make another,'' he pleaded, sadly, tightening his grip again.

Raising my eyes, I saw the bottle on the mantelpiece, and conceived a most fantastic hope.

''Do you want a big one?'' I asked him. ''Bigger than the bull?''

He gave a kind of skip of joy and unlocked my throat.

''So-o big!'' I explained, stretching out my arms. Rising cautiously, and keeping my arms extended as if to measure something very big indeed, I edged to the fireplace. I felt along the mantle-shelf behind me, and my fingers closed on what I wanted.

The idiot watched me intently, scraping his thumb along his furry jaw.

''The big bossy?'' he queried, doubtfully.

''Come on!'' I answered, briskly, crossing the room to the widest stretch of plaster wall, and planting two chairs in front of it side by side. ''All ready, Bill!''

''All ready!'' he echoed, sliding across the room. ''Ho, ho, ho!''

''Ho, ho!'' My laugh was as good as his. ''So-o big!''

''So big!'' And he flung out his arms with another laugh, as I had.

''Now then!'' My prayer was that he keep on doing just what I did. ''Look, Bill!''

I tied a handkerchief about the lower part of my face, and he doubled up with mirth. I tore a sleeve out of my shirt, and with what courage I could muster, and with shouts of joy in which he joined whole-heartedly, I knotted the linen strip around his nose and mouth. Then I wrenched out the cork of the bottle, stopping it with my thumb.

''Now!'' With a sweeping stroke of my crayon, the bull's head and shoulders were set down in profile on the wall. ''Ha!'' And I pretended to tip up the bottle against my mask. ''Ha!'' I was able to wet my companion's thoroughly. ''Now sit down.''

I could see his eyes smile as he drew in the sweet, numbing odor. He dropped down into the chair at my side.

''Watch, Bill!''

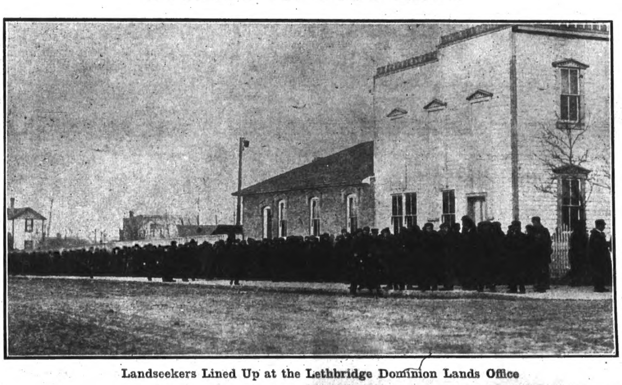
I drew at lightning speed, now here, now there, stopping every few seconds to renew my own pretence and to keep my jailers' mask well soaked with the drug.

''Look, Bill!'' I was making circles now at the full stretch of my arm, and as fast as I could. His eyes dropped once or twice. ''Look, look!''

The circles grew smaller and even more rapid. I whisked some more drops under his nose; he took no notice. I held the bottle right against the cloth; his head rolled from one shoulder to the other; the eyes he turned up were merely grey blurs. There came from him some inarticulate murmurs, and his great bulk pitched forward from the waist. I jumped back as he recovered himself, hardly daring to believe even then that my plan was succeeding. The next second I was at the door. Looking back, I saw the giant half rise and stretch out his hands in the old, cruel gesture. He wavered toward me blindly, but I dodged outside to hear him go crashing to the floor. And then I made off, in a stumbling, fear-struck run through the darkness and the rain.

That's all. That's why I'm tired of painting cattle, since you've asked the question.

Seekers for Free Land



Landseekers Lined Up at the Lethbridge Dominion Lands Office

The Homesteader's Rush at Lethbridge. Only a Brick Wall Separates Them From the Coveted Place at the Desk

Sporting News

PAUL TACKS ACOOSE doesn't appear to be melting the snow off the surrounding landscape with his warm performances back East. Indeed, since that first wild whoop about his being second in a record-breaking race, there has been no news of the carpet tacks expert except what might be extracted from an announcement that he was to run in races against other men—not addicted to the tack habit.

Stop a minute: there was something about the Grenfull no-wonder quitting in the ninth mile, after being lapped a few times, because he had on running shoes instead of the faithful moccasin that his feet were accustomed to. Of course he didn't stop merely because the other chaps were a few laps ahead, or because he couldn't run fast enough to keep within calling distance—in case someone tried to puncture his tire with the tack game—but only because he had on shoes and his delicate footsies were not used to anything so harsh. But he quit, just the same, and you may have your choice of the whys; I've made my guess, and it is because the Grenfell Indian is like most other Indians—yellow underneath the red.

Incidentally, Mr. Fred Meadows is shining as brightly as Acoose is failing conspicuously. Meadows has the build and gait of a runner, and the race that he and Sellen put up against Acoose out at Happyland, last summer, shows that the Meadows headpiece is located in the right spot for the business.

It is just a trifle amusing, though, to see Meadows referred to as ''the little Guelph wonder.'' Freddie must be all of five feet ten, and should make the bar wobble at about a hundred and sixty-five. This isn't so very small, especially for a runner, but some of these sport dopists would refer to Zbysco as ''the wonderful little Galician'' if they wished to express their admiration for him. Nevertheless, Meadows is a good man and the way that he ran Acoose and Sellen off their feet at Happyland—chewing a toothpick by the way—was clever and some running, too.

* * *

HENRI ST. IVES sure has our John's goat. None of us who saw it has forgotten the distance trimming that the pudgy Frenchman gave John D.—our John—out at Happyland last summer, and now he's done gone and done the same thing down at Los Angeles. In this last race, St. Ives was a mile to the good at the end of the race — Marathon distance — and Fitzgerald—Miss Ladylike Fitzgerald, erstwhile of Edmonton—must have been more than that behind our John D.

As nearly as can be made out from wire reports of the race, John D.—our John—tried to mix it with Hotfoot Henri in the earlier stages of the game, and Henri put him away back for the distance flag. Of course, John D.—our John—should have known better, but his is a stubborn old head and it takes more than one lesson to knock conviction of fault into it, and I daresay that he'd go out and try the same thing tomorrow or the next day if a body offered him the chance.

But he's having a right good time of it, is our John. He gets into good races, the papers refer to him as ''the Canadian champion,'' and he is seeing a lot of the country. More than that, he must be making a fairly good bit of money and—best of all—he's doing the thing that his heart is in, and when he gets through, he'll be satisfied to settle down and do something in the line of work, and what a bunch of stories he'll have to beguile the prosy hours!

THE SIZE OF AN EARTHQUAKE WAVE

SEISMOLOGISTS say that every great earthquake causes pulsations which extend for thousands of miles in all directions on the globe, and one eminent authority has likened such pulsations to the long, low swells that sweep across the ocean. Not long ago an attempt was made to measure the height and length of the waves of an earthquake that occurred in Greece, the pulsations of which were perceived by the aid of a specially constructed pendulum at Birmingham, in England. The pulsations, or waves, passed through the rocky crust of the earth with a velocity of about two miles a second, and each of the largest of them, according to the investigator, must have been about twenty-eight miles in length, but only half an inch in height!

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Sport

CRICKET

Though the English cricketers won the fifth and final test match from South Africa and only lost the rubber by the odd game, their performances as a whole have been disappointing. When the doing in the tests are carefully considered there has not been a very great deal in it, for nearly all the matches have been of a close order, but still they lost. The trouble has been that many of the men have been slow in getting used to the conditions. Frank Wooley and M. C. Bird have not been the success one thought they would have been and David Denton did not show his real worth until the tour was practically over. Happily for the M.C.C. he found his form at the right moment and it was probably owing to him more than anyone else that the tour had a fairly bright ending. The tour has been extended to Rhodesia and though some of the professionals have sailed for home, an eleven has travelled to Bulawayo for a game which started on Tuesday. The team will afterwards visit the Victoria Falls and will begin a match at Salisbury on March 30. It is expected that they will leave Cape Town for England on April 6.

LACROSSE

C. A. Adamson, a Winnipeg boy of Manitoba college, who is a Rhodes scholar at Merton college, Oxford, has again been given a place on the Oxford Lacrosse team to play Cambridge, an honour which he had last year. On the Oxford team there are no less than seven Canadians, they being as follows:—G. Lanctot, Laval University, Toronto; N. S. Macdonnell, Queen's college, Kingston; F. E. Hawkins, McGill University; R. Spread, Upper Canada college, Toronto; H. T. Logan, McGill University, Toronto; A. Yates, McGill University, Toronto; and C. A. Adamson, Manitoba college, Winnipeg.

WRESTLING

A wrestling match will take place at the Palm Theatre on Saturday next, March 26th, between Ralph Gramp, of Wimone, Minn., U.S.A., and Albert Ensign, of Whitla, Alta. The match is to be the best two out of three falls to a finish. The winner takes all gate receipts.

◆

The Alberta Horse Show, to be held in Calgary next month, will be divided into 119 classes with a total of 2,140 entries.

The classes are made up principally for Thoroughbred, Standardbred, Percherons, Belgians, Suffolk, Heavy Draught, Roadsters, Carriage and Saddle horses. In addition there are prizes for hunters' horses, fire department horses, delivery outfits and many other special classes.

The entry list is made up principally by western breeders, although a car of horses will be sent from Ingersoll, Ont., for exhibit, and one from New York.

◆

The advance guard of five hundred natives of Holland, who intend settling on the irrigated lands of Southern Alberta, arrived recently at Winnipeg, on a special train from Montreal. J. Bruce Walker says these are but the forerunners of a big influx from the land of dykes and canals to Southern Alberta, and these should prove very valuable settlers. On the same train were 150 from the old country and 75 from Sweden. Another special brought in 200 settlers from the old world and some 600 more are en route.

London, March 18.—Representative business men and manufacturers have decided to form an association to suppress the methods adopted by foreigners who pass off their goods as British. The first step to be taken will be the adoption of an "all British" trade mark. Allusion is made to a letter from the Canadian Department of Commerce, testifying to the success of a similar action by Canadian manufacturers.

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(Over the Post Office)

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Reserve and Undivided Profits -	2,900,000
Total Assets - - -	over 35,000,000

Lone Star Notes

(From our own Correspondent)

Mr. Harris has about 30 acres of wheat sowed. Others are already seeding.

Messrs. E. O. Wright and D. W. Burns are again on their homesteads. Wright will seed about 100 and Burns about 300 acres.

Frank Broderson has returned from a three month's holiday in Iowa and Illinois.

The school teacher for Lone Star is expected this week. She is from Ontario.

M. M. Waddle left for North Dakota last week to get his stock and machinery.

Wm. Carver has purchased a large team instead of a gasoline outfit.

◆

News from 6-17

Mr. Yaggy of Iowa, has arrived with a carload of settlers' effects and will settle on section 5-7-16.

Pete Treglong, who has been visiting in Iowa and North Dadota is expected home this week.

August Westergrene is doing some building on his farm near Whitla.

Mr. Jones, foreman for Mr. Hobbs, is farming in full force, commencing last week.

A meeting of the ratepayers was held at the residence of D. W. Fullerton on March 15, to organise a school district. The vote was unanimous in favour of the organisation. Nick Treglong was elected trustee for the three year term, D. W. Fullerton was elected for two years and August Westergrene for one year. A petition for a post office was also drawn up and is now in circulation.

◆

J. L. Cote, M.P.P. for Athabasca, has taken up energetically the movement in favour of the C.N.R. extending to the Peace River country by way of Athabasca Landing and Lesser Slave Lake. Mr. Cote, who has an intimate knowledge of the country north-west of Edmonton, was the first to appreciate the serious difficulties with which a railway would have to contend in building into the Peace River country in a direct line.

NUISANCE

The public are hereby notified that all refuse, manure, ashes, and garbage of any description must be removed from all premieses to the town nuisance ground by April 16th or prosecution will follow.

By Order of
HEALTH OFFICER.

EASTER MESSAGES

By Bishop R. A. VanOrman, L.D.S. Church, Taber,

Yes, the Easter time has come again. And all are aglow with the desire to adorn themselves with a new suit and hat in order to look their best. Joy swells the heart of every person who has the spirit of the Christian, when they can be of any service to their fellow man in bringing him to a realisation of the fellowship which should exist, because of all the Master has done for us and the example He has set for us to follow, even the laying down of His earthly life for the sake of those he loved. Since the time of that wonderful resurrection the Easter bells have been ringing in remembrance of that event. But we are more or less drifting into a habit of show rather than the real spirit of the Christ-like life. Would it not be well for each of us to take a retrospective view of our lives and to see what we have done in the past which would harmonise with the life of the Master? Should we not for the sake of future generations, seek to bring out of our lives more of the real virtues of the conversion of the heart to the Christ life rather than the mere show of fine feathers and bright colours? I believe that we should have more of the desire which the Master had when He said "Father forgive them for they know not what they do," and we should extend the hand of fellowship to every member of the human race, invite them to a better life, follow the example of the Master, and walk by faith and not by sight alone. And as the Easter-bells are ringing their joyous peal let us resolve anew to devote ourselves to the Master's will, and let us seek for greater knowledge of our fellowship with Christ and our brotherhood with man, having before us as our life's ideal the life of our resurrected Lord, and feel in our very soul to say to all the world:—

The doom of death may not appal,
The risen Christ has rescued all,
And every heart now dead in sin,
Through Jesus shall redemption win.
If we live and trust his story, the resurrection of the dead.

By Rev. David Jones, Rector of St. Theodore's Church Taber.

In writing an Easter message the writer recalls a suggestive incident in connection with a Cornish omnibus driver, who rebuked his lone passenger with the words, "Sir, you're a minister of religion, I suppose, by the dress of you, but we've been talking these two hours and you've said nothing to me about my soul.'

The rebuke may have been a piece of canting impertinence, or it may not. At any rate it brings out the fact that a clergyman's chief, nay, his only business is to look after his business.

On this occasion that particular business is to find inspiration at the right place, and the one and only place is the empty tomb. Put briefly the legend there is "He is not here, for He is risen, go tell His disciples"

The old-fashioned preacher, whose excellencies were many and whose faults were perhaps few, would enumerate his points and draw his lessons. I, a mere modern, do not think I can do better than follow his example.

If the empty tomb preaches anything, it is the doctrine of hope and the doctrine of work. Hope is the opposite to utter despair, that despair which writes 'Ichabod' in capital letters on many a face. It inspires optimism of the kind that we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, we sleep to wake. By it we are carried successfully from the centre of indifference to the everlasting Yea.

It is more potential than all this; it does away with the limitations of time and space. Just as the reverent reader of secular history lives into the past so the humble Christian lives right into the future.

"I am He that liveth, and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore." What is true of Him, will be true of us.

No less important is the thought of work. Go and tell. Example rather than talk is often the most effective way to tell the resurrection message. Work resolves itself into many kinds, but the one I am immediately concerned with is definite religious work. He that neglects this, developes only one side of his nature. Go and tell are words still found in the preamble of the great charter of life. Such are the thoughts suggested as an Easter message.

By Rev. J. R. Munro, Minister of the Presbyterian Church, Taber.

Eastertide turns the minds and hearts of Christians to thoughts of the resurrection of the Saviour, Jesus Christ, on the third, the appointed day. How crushed in spirit were all the members of the little band of disciples when they saw Him yield Himself to death on the Cross, and followed the mournful procession which laid His body in Joseph's tomb. During the Jewish Sabbath which intervened, the light of faith burned at its lowest; only love, unchangeable love, seemed left. Surprising and incredible at first seemed the news that He was risen "early on the first day of the week," Yet they found it even so. The stone was rolled away; only the cerements were left to show the place where the Lord lay. First the message of the heavenly visitants made glad the hearts of the women of Galilee with the words "He is not here, He 's risen, as He said." Then the Lord himself in his glorious resurrection body met them, still their Master and friend, but now risen and triumphant. The faith of the disciples in the resurrection of their Lord and their obedient acceptance from Him of the gospel for all the world, laid the foundation of the Christian church, accompanied by the gift of the Holy Spirit. Notwithstanding many shortcomings and much opposition, His church has ever since been going forth conquering and to conquer. Do believers not desire to be strengthened and made joyful in their Christian life? Let the fact of the victory of the Lord over sin and death in His resurrection, continually inspire them to nobler lives, more self-denying deeds. The risen One has promised "Lo, I am with you to the end of the world." How great is the work to which His people are called, the establishment of the kingdom of God throughout the earth, yet it is not beyond the achievement of His church, yielding herself to the guidance and power of the Holy Spirit.

EASTER GREETINGS TO ALL